

The Sketch



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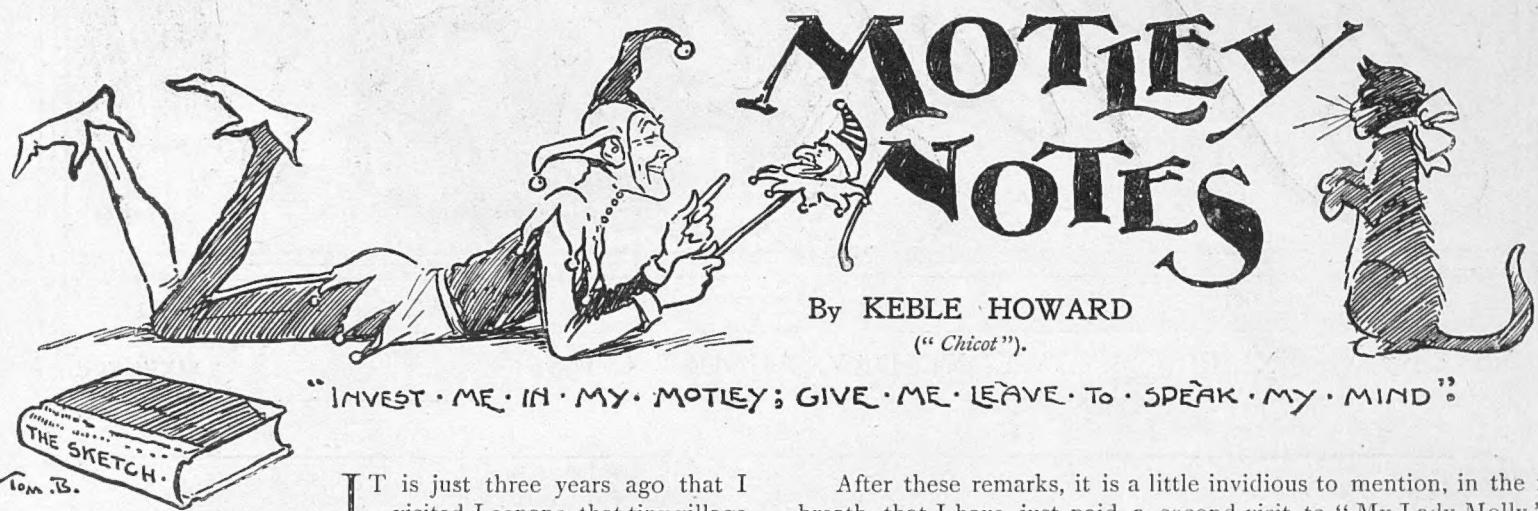
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



"L'ENTENTE CORDIALE": A FAIR PEACE-MAKER.

Photograph by George Garet-Charles.



IT is just three years ago that I visited Leenane, that tiny village at the head of Killary Bay, and subsequently described the charms of the place—through the medium of an open letter to Dolly—in *The Sketch*. “It is only my great unselfishness,” I protested, “that makes me give the thing away in these pages.” (How slangy I was in those days!) “Truth to tell,” I continued, grandiloquently, “I would fain keep Connemara, with its gloomy mountains, wild lakes, and primitive peasantry, to myself.” The landlord of the local hotel, I remember, to whom I expressed the same views, differed from me most emphatically. He maintained that the fair havens of the earth were made for the benefit of all mankind, and that it was my duty as a journalist to write just as much about the delights of Leenane as my Editor would print. Well, I did that; but, for some time afterwards the public refused to believe that Connemara was a district to be seen. Everything comes to the landlord who is a good waiter, however, and my friend at Leenane has now the satisfaction of knowing that all the world is surging his way. In his wildest moments, I suppose, he never dreamed that the King and Queen of England would pay him a visit. Small wonder that he lost his head a little and helped the Philistines to adorn the village with streamers.

I think I have made a discovery. I am not, I trust, unduly excited about the matter, but I believe that I have been permitted to solve the motor problem. My suggestion, if adopted, will at once do away with any necessity for further legislation on this subject, for it will render fast travelling an impossibility. I move, then, that all automobiles shall be driven by women. The sheer simplicity of the idea convinces me that it is sound. The notion occurred to me on seeing a spick-and-span motor, under the control of a lady, proceeding along the Embankment at the rate of, say, four miles an hour. (Was it Mrs. S. F. Edge?) The driver wore no goggles; indeed, her attire was as dainty and elaborate as any to be seen in the Park at the height of the Season. Therein, of course, lies the value of my scheme. Women hate to rush through the air at a speed that necessitates absolute disfigurement; they infinitely prefer to crawl along in all their barbaric splendour. Once let us prohibit men from driving, and accidents will soon become things of the past. Perhaps some of my influential readers will take up the question.

After a long course of theatrical first-nights, it is highly instructive to pay a second visit to a play on an ordinary occasion. Not only does one see the players in their normal moods, but one also realises that it is quite possible to hear what is said on the stage from the third or fourth row of the stalls. Just at first, perhaps, one is inclined to think the audience a trifle dull, but presently it becomes clear that they are merely well-behaved, and that the majority of the people in the cheaper parts of the house are under no necessity to laugh or applaud unless they are pleased with the performance. It is also interesting to observe those members of the Company who take it for granted that they can do as they like on the stage provided that there are no critics or managers in the front of the house. It never seems to occur to them, as they talk to each other in audible undertones and giggle in the wrong places, that they are thereby shortening the run of the piece and helping to bring their own engagements and those of their colleagues to a close. I am quite aware, of course, that these matters have nothing whatever to do with me, but the onlooker sees so much of the game, especially in the playhouse, that his opinion may sometimes be of value. And, apart from that, so long as I am invested in my motley I feel that I have a right to speak my mind.

After these remarks, it is a little invidious to mention, in the next breath, that I have just paid a second visit to “My Lady Molly.” I hasten to assure you, therefore, that I enjoyed the comedy-opera quite as much as I did on the first-night, and that despite the absence of Miss Sybil Arundale and Mr. Bert Gilbert. In place of Miss Arundale I found Miss Florence Perry, dainty, clever, humorous as ever. Mickey O’Dowd, Mr. Bert Gilbert’s part, is now being played by Mr. J. T. MacCallum, who gives a quieter rendering than his predecessor, but “gets there” just as surely. Mickey, to tell the truth, has the most taking part in the piece; I fully expected that a young gentleman in front of me, who wore an Eton collar and his hair awry, would be seized with some species of fit when the Irishman tried to talk French. Mr. Richard Green is still playing the juvenile lead in his own manly, honest style; his singing of the fine ballad in the second Act, “At my Lady’s Feet,” is a performance far above the average of the London lyric stage. Miss Decima Moore is as good as ever in the lively part of Alice Coverdale; I would respectfully remind her, however, that a little roguishness goes a long way.

A genuine coincidence is always interesting. On a certain morning of last week, there arrived at *The Sketch* office, within ten minutes of each other, two publications that owe their existence to the extraordinary narrowness of mind that cannot help confounding the work of a man with the man himself. One of these publications—the first to arrive—was a Quarterly Magazine entitled *Baconiana*. The purpose of this Magazine is to keep alive that miserable discussion known as the “Shakspere-Bacon controversy.” The other publication was a bloated pamphlet from the pen of Mr. Sidney Lee, called, with all due pomposity, “The Alleged Vandalism at Stratford-on-Avon.” I have long ceased to take any interest in the preservation or the demolition of those two or three mean little cottages in Henley Street, and I never cared a rush whether the man who wrote the plays of Shakspere was called Shakspere or Bacon. But, in turning over the pages of these publications, I suddenly discovered that both Mr. Sidney Lee and the Editor of *Baconiana* had a bone to pick with the unfortunate Miss Marie Corelli. It is obvious, therefore, that the gentle art of making enemies was not confined to the distinguished artist who fathered the epigram

That weary, mud-bespattered, anaemic, County Council-ridden martyr known as the “Man in the Street” has long ago ceased to protest against the privileged insults of the pavement advertiser. He meekly allows himself to be startled, stopped, even jabbed in the waistcoat, by any mongrel scavenger who has been hired to distribute hand-bills. But the “Man in the Street” still resents, however feebly, the shrill, nerve-lacerating shrieks of the paper-boy. He has not sufficient energy, of course, to write to the papers and ask the Editors whether anything can be done to abate the nuisance, but he tells his friend about it as he hurries into the nearest hostelry to obtain a restorative, and he tells his wife about it whilst the poor lady is urging the small servant to hurry up with the supper. Very soon, moreover, he will be able to growl at the imps of Fleet Street before leaving home in the morning, for there is a growing tendency among the halfpenny “evening” sheets to publish breakfast editions. As Londoners go, I am a fairly early riser, but I often hear those dreadful cries of “Speshul!” before I am out of bed in the morning. Nothing, of course, can be done; one can only wait patiently until the question is brought to a head by the murder of one of the shouters by some homeward roysterer.





Outside the Boulogne Dock-gates—Bad Behaviour of the Clerk of the Weather—"Petits Chevaux" and the "Entente Cordiale."

I REALLY think I must write a little book and title it "Adventures Outside Dock-gates," for, as at Ostend, so at Boulogne we went through experiences before the yacht was safely berthed in the bassin. The fleet took longer than was expected to run from Dover. My host and myself had discussed in the early morning where we should lunch on shore, whether at the little restaurant on the pier or at the Folkestone; but when lunch-time came I was hanging like a barnacle to a slanting deck, as the yachts laboriously tacked and tacked and tacked up the French coast with a strong tide against them. The consequence of this was that only a few of the first yachts to arrive could be taken into the inner harbour, as the tide was running out, and that the remainder of us, when the tugs had brought us in from the grey stir of sea and driven rain, had to lie outside, partly aground on the mud, until the dock-gates should open again at midnight.

It was raining, and the yachts had had wet decks all day, so most of the owners and their guests were glad enough to get into dinner-clothes and to go ashore, and the dinghies, with two or three men in oilskins sitting astern and a sailor in his yellow clothes rowing, set off from the yachts as the light failed in search of dinner in some less odorous place than that in which their boats lay. A flight of stairs which it is possible to reach at low-water is a rarity in Boulogne harbour. The wall is lined with steps at frequent intervals, but they all end in a bank of black mud when the water is at its lowest, and the only practicable spots for a landing were either far up the harbour or on a little patch of sand just below the life-boat shed on the pier.

Dinner made amends for all the little troubles to which they who go down to the sea in small boats are subject. Life did not seem to be very much worth living as we ascended the long flight of steps, covered with slimy green, which led up to the rain-swept footway of the pier; but by the time that the "Sole Dieppoise" was on the table we had noticed how splendid was the effect of the lights of the Casino seen across the long stretch of shining wet sand which caught the reflections of the glare of white, were laughing over the incidents of the day's long race, and were talking of the yacht's chances in the race on Wednesday round a triangular course. Various meats should be eaten, I always think, according to localities. A man once, at least, in his life should eat a Chateaubriand at the restaurant near the Bourse where it was invented; you should eat veal cutlets in the restaurants of Milan, lamb's liver fried at Venice, cuttle-fish and macaroni at Naples, and at the little restaurant on the pier at Boulogne you should consume a sole with a garnish of mussels and shrimps, for the whole place is redolent of the sea and of sea-weed, and far below your feet are timbers encrusted with shells, and you see the sand stretch in a long half-moon along the coast.

The Casino was *en fête* during the days of the stay of the yachts, and there was a ball every night; the theatre gave its utmost variety, producing vaudeville one night and grand opera the next, with a ballet

thrown in as make-weight; and though the supreme attraction of a Boulogne evening—a *bal populaire*, when the fisher-girls in their great white caps revolve gravely two and two—was wanting, it was just as well that one was not announced, for the Clerk of the Weather was unkind and the rain came down pitilessly. We in rain-deluged Boulogne took a gloomy semi-pleasure in telling each other that the poor fellows going racing on the Goodwood Downs must be making even worse weather of it than we were.

The new rooms of the Cercle Privé at the Boulogne Casino are not yet opened, and baccarat is still played in the old Club apartments; but the newly built great white wing seems nearly completed, and as the present rooms are now only separated by a great screen from the hall where the *petits-chevaux* go circling round, the removal of this will give the ladies who risk their francs on the little racers, and the others of that intensely anxious crowd which surrounds the green tables, a fine room in which to play. I have seen, I think, most of the places where high play goes on in Europe, but, if an artist

asked me where he should go to see anxiety depicted on the faces of gamblers, where he would find the fierce joy of success, the blank despair which comes with hopeless loss, I should advise him not to go to Aix-les-Bains, Biarritz, or Monte Carlo, but to frequent the rooms of the little Casinos on the French coast and the shores of the Lake of Geneva, and to watch the agony of joy and grief that a young British matron is able to go through at the *petits-chevaux* tables with the aid of a five-franc "cart-wheel."

The scene at the dock-gates at midnight on the first day of the regatta was a curious one. The gates were opened, and yacht after yacht passed in with the tide, which carried them along swiftly, a man in a dinghy rowing ahead of each to keep her head straight, and looking like an ant dragging along some great leaf. On the stone coping of the narrow entrance were all the owners in their dress-clothes and their oilskins, anxious to get on board but unable to do so. Every now and again a man would make a leap at the rigging of his craft as she glided past, but the majority had to wait, and, later on, showed great agility in climbing down iron ladders into dinghies and then swarming up on to the yachts which lay in a bunch in the centre of the bassin.

The second day of the regatta week was as grey and as wet as the first; but at night the Frenchmen and Englishmen foregathered at the Casino at a yachting dinner, the Mayor and an ex-Mayor and the Député made excellent speeches in English, and the *entente cordiale* was toasted very enthusiastically. The third day the Clerk of the Weather relented, and Boulogne was herself again in flashes of sunshine, and once more the yachts hoisted their racing-flags. But, though the yachtsmen were ready to sail, the sea proved too rough, and the men in the mark-boats, who had to anchor their craft in the midst of the breaking waves, declared that this was impossible. So down came the flags and the boats came back to dock again.



CAPTAIN DE COURCY HAMILTON, R.N., THE NEW CHIEF OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

DURING His Majesty's stay in the historic Roads, he and the Queen will enjoy a brief respite from fatiguing functions, but the Sovereign characteristically spent a portion of the first day of his real yachting holiday in opening the Osborne Naval College. The nation, as well as those constituting his immediate entourage, are well aware of how untiring and keen is the interest with which our King regards everything that

has to do with the Navy, and every detail of the new College has been submitted both to His Majesty and the Prince of Wales.

For the Lion's Cubs.

The boys who will be gradually transformed into naval officers at Osborne may well be envied, for certainly the new Naval

College bids fair to be for many a long day the most perfect institution of its kind in the world. The cadets are to occupy a series of pleasant bungalows, apart from the officers' quarters. Each building bears the name of a great naval commander, and the College is surrounded by a fine park. The Director of Studies, the distinguished Professor Ewing, will be aided by a remarkable staff, while the Governor of the College is Captain Rosslyn E. Wemyss, who commanded the *Ophir* during the Colonial tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Every reasonable luxury has been provided for the fortunate cadets, particularly fine being the Gymnasium.

Future Royal Plans.

It seems probable that the King will make his usual cure at Homburg before going to Balmoral, but while the Sovereign is on the Continent the Prince of Wales will pay a number of country-house visits in the North of England and in Scotland, after which His Royal Highness and the Princess will make a prolonged stay at Abergeldie Castle. There seems every prospect of the Deeside season being even more brilliant than in former years; all the great houses are to be occupied, and it is thought probable that their Majesties, who have made great additions and alterations to Balmoral, will entertain more than one great Royal house-party. The oldest member of our Royal Family, the popular and venerable Duke of Cambridge, is already at Homburg, where his remarkable vitality is a source of great congratulation to his many friends.

On the Water. Cowes has not enjoyed so brilliant a fortnight for some years as that which is now beginning so excellently well the yachting and sporting season of the year. The presence of the Royal Yacht makes, of course, all the difference to the great water-carnival, and most of the more famous yachtsmen and yachts-women in Society have made a point of being at Cowes this year. Royalty is further represented, on shore, by Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll, who are staying at their charming old-world place, Kent House, East Cowes, which was left to the Princess by Queen Victoria. Curiously enough, the Diplomatic world has lately discovered the charm of the Isle of Wight, and one of the smartest of house-parties is being entertained at "Egypt" by the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, M. Poklewsky. Members of the Diplomatic Corps are, of course, admitted without question to all the delightful privileges for which humbler mortals often have to sigh in vain; the various Yachting Clubs are eager to entertain them, and

they can spend as much time, in reason, as they like in the comfortable quarters of the "R. Y. S." without having either to run the ordeal of election or of paying the very heavy entrance-fee of a hundred pounds.

Two Important Babies.

Lord and Lady Beauchamp and Mr. Frederick and Lady Esther Smith are receiving many heartfelt congratulations on the birth, to each couple, of a son and heir. From the picturesque point of view, it is, perhaps, to be regretted that Lady Esther Smith's second baby was a boy, for the Hambleden Peerage is one of the very few which can go down in the female line. But, none the less, the birth of a grandson and namesake of the late Mr. W. H. Smith has been hailed with rapture in that charming district of the Thames Valley which owes so much to the great statesman who was never happier than when spending a quiet holiday at Greenlands.

Lord Beauchamp's little son has also been welcomed with many demonstrations of satisfaction in the neighbourhood of Madresfield Court. Few elder sons begin life with fairer prospects. Both his young parents belong to the earnest and high-minded section of modern Society, and Lord Beauchamp has already served his country in Greater Britain.

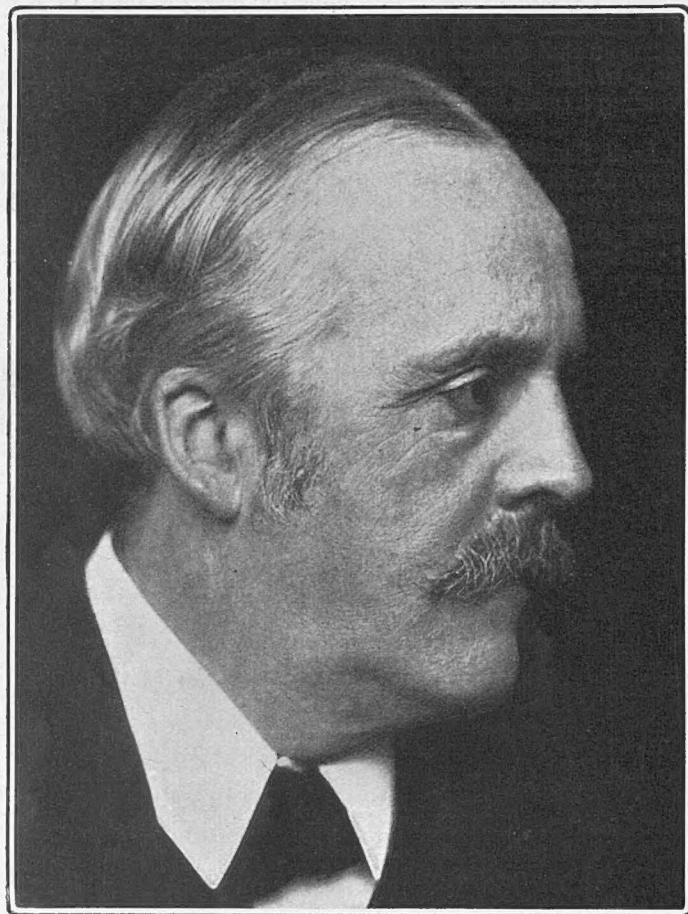


MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS: A PRETTY SUMMER STUDY.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

Our Philosopher Premier.

Mr. Arthur Balfour has been so long regarded as one of the young men of politics that to many people the fact that he last week celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday will have come with some surprise. In some ways our bachelor Premier has been from birth a spoilt child of Fortune. It may be doubted whether any Englishman of his generation has been more generally popular than this gentlest of political philosophers. As so often happens, criticism scarcely touched Mr. Balfour till he reached what is supposed to be the summit of every British politician's ambition. It would be difficult to find two men more utterly different than Lord Salisbury and his nephew, and the fact that they have always worked so well together is an honour to them both. As most people are aware, the Prime Minister owes not a little of his daily comfort to his clever and accomplished sister, Miss Alice Balfour, who not only acts as hostess at his great political receptions, but who has for many years past also been the mistress of his charming country home, Whittingehame. There each summer and autumn Mr. Balfour and his unmarried sister entertain a large family party, including the children of Mr. Gerald and Lady Betty Balfour, of Colonel Eustace and Lady Frances Balfour and last, not least, of Lord and Lady Rayleigh.



THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

MEN OF MARK IN THE WORLD OF POLITICS.

*Photographs by Beresford.**From Professor to "M.P."*

Mr. James Bryce, for he can scarcely be called "Professor" any more, has the right to thirteen letters after his name, beginning with the honoured "P.C." and ending with the scarcely less honoured "M.P." Few men have worked harder for ultimate success than the remarkable Scotchman who, born in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, has been in his day a barrister, Regius Professor of Civil Law, an Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a Fellow of innumerable Societies, President of the Alpine Club, and, last not least, the writer of one of the standard books on South Africa, while he is an even greater authority on the American Commonwealth, his book on that subject being that by which he is best known. As Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, he sat in Mr. Gladstone's last Cabinet in 1892, and in the following Liberal Government he was President of the Board of Trade. Mr. Bryce has all a Scotchman's keen aptitude for hard work; he is one of those men who can do twelve hours' work in succession, and, instead of resting during his brief holidays, he employs his leisure in the most arduous forms of Alpine climbing.

Sir William Harcourt's Reappearance.

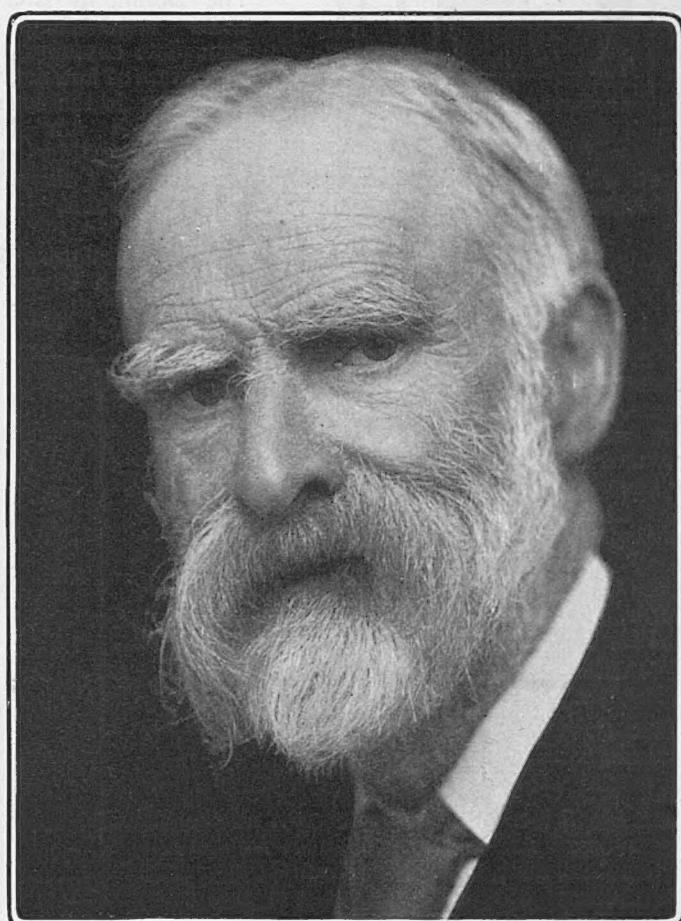
Sir William Harcourt may never be quite his old self again, but the whole House of Commons was pleased to see him back in his place last week. Although severely shaken by his long illness, he made a great effort to criticise the South African Loan Bill. The House likes its fighters, and as a fighting Parliamentarian Sir William won a conspicuous position. Yet he made no personal enemies. All Members are proud of him.

A Brilliant Young Peer.

The Earl of Lytton in dealing with the Birmingham leaflets issued on behalf of "the Chamberlain policy." His speech was well phrased and well delivered, and caught the attention of the Government. Lord Lytton looked quite boyish, with his pale, romantic face and his slender figure. He shows his great interest in politics by frequent attendance in the Gallery of the House of Commons, and it is evident that he intends to devote himself to a career in which his father and grandfather were distinguished. Their literary ability also was conspicuous in his political effort.

A Ducal Under-Secretary.

The appointment of the Duke of Marlborough as Under-Secretary for the Colonies would have pleased Disraeli. He liked to enrol the heads of great English families in his real as well as in his imaginary Governments. Even Mr. Chamberlain may be gratified to have a Duke as an Under-Secretary. There was a long delay in the filling up of the post, due to the strong claims of more than one candidate. The head of



MR. JAMES BRYCE.

the Churchills will be a useful colleague to the powerful Minister who has made the Colonial Office so important a Department of the State, but, of course, his selection has not conciliated his clever cousin, the Member for Oldham, who is one of the sharpest critics of the Government on the Unionist side.

For Languorous Londoners : Regent's Park.

Regent's Park was formed out of part of an extensive tract of pasture-land called Marylebone Park Fields, which at one time had been a Royal demesne where Queen Elizabeth and other monarchs entertained Foreign Ambassadors with a day's hunting. In the Board of Works Accounts for 1582 appears the entry of a payment "for making of two new standings in Marebone and Hide Parkes for the Queene's Majestie and the noblemen of Fraunce to see the huntinge." It was granted later on by Charles I. to certain gentlemen as security for a small debt, and after his death "was sold by Parliament to John Spencer, on behalf of Colonel Harrison's regiment of dragoons, on whom it was settled for their pay." At this time, the deer and much of the timber having been sold, it was dissparkled and never again stocked with game. Marylebone Park passed through many hands from the time of the Restoration down to 1811, when the lease held by the then Duke of Portland expired.

The present park was commenced in the following year, from plans by Nash, the architect of Regent Street, but it was not completed till 1838, when his grand design "received the admiration of the public." It had at one time been intended to connect the park with

Carlton House, and this idea, though not realised, gave birth to Regent Street. Another plan had been to build a palace for the Prince Regent in the centre, but this also was abandoned. Regent's Park is now some four hundred and fifty acres in extent, and nearly circular in form. The noble Broad Walk crosses it from North to South, and around the park runs a drive of about two miles. An inner drive encloses the Botanic Gardens — the site reserved by Nash for the Regent's palace — and the Gardens of the Zoological Society cover a large portion on the north side. While, from its situation, not so fashionable a resort as Hyde Park, Regent's Park is beautifully laid out, its lake being second only to the Serpentine in extent and far surpassing it in beauty. Primrose Hill forms a sort of appendage to the park on the north, though its associations are the reverse of aristocratic. It is curious nowadays to recall that in London's early days the district now covered by Regent's Park



LADY EVELYN COTTERELL, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

and Primrose Hill formed part of a large and dense forest infested with wolves and other wild animals.

*Lady Evelyn
Cotterell.*

Lady Evelyn Cotterell is one of the many pretty grand-daughters of the aged Duke of Richmond. She and her sister, Lady Violet Brassey, were among the most popular and best-looking débutantes of the early 'nineties, and as girls they were assiduously chaperoned by their soldierly-looking father, Lord March. Every member of the Gordon-Lennox family is an enthusiastic rider to hounds, and all Lord March's children have hunted with West Sussex packs from earliest childhood.

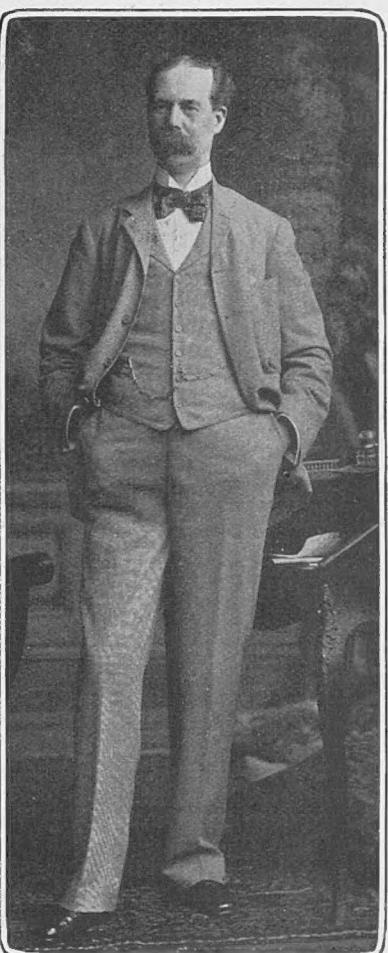
Sir John Cotterell, Lady Evelyn's husband, is a Herefordshire Baronet; he was at the time of his marriage in the Guards, and the two made a handsome couple. Sir John and Lady Evelyn generally form part of the large family-party which is gathered about this time of year round the venerable Duke of Richmond either at Goodwood House or at Gordon Castle. They are great favourites at Court, Lady Evelyn having been known to their Majesties from childhood.

Art in Photography: Some Society Beauties.

aroused a great deal of interest in London and Berlin, and many can even now recall the brilliant scene presented in venerable St. Alban's Abbey when the stalwart bridegroom, in white Cuirassier uniform, led the lovely daughter of Sir John Blundell Maple to the altar. Special trains brought down a large contingent of smart people from London, for, in addition to the popularity of the bride, the Baron had made a multitude of friends during his long connection with the German Embassy, of which he is now Councillor and First Secretary. Among the many wedding-presents were several from Royal personages, His Majesty's offering to the bride being an exquisite diamond-studded bijou watch. Besides their town-house in Grosvenor Square, Baron and Baroness von Eckhardstein have a place in Silesia. The Misses Earle are the charming daughters of Mrs. Isabel Earle, widow of Mr Thomas Hughes Earle, M.A., and daughter of the late Mr. William Francis, of Blackheath. Both mother and daughters are well known and very popular in London Society and in the neighbourhood of Andover, where Mrs. Earle's pretty country seat is situated. Mrs. Noble is the wife of Captain George Noble, and at her residence in South Street, Park Lane, she has entertained many select parties during the Season that has just closed.

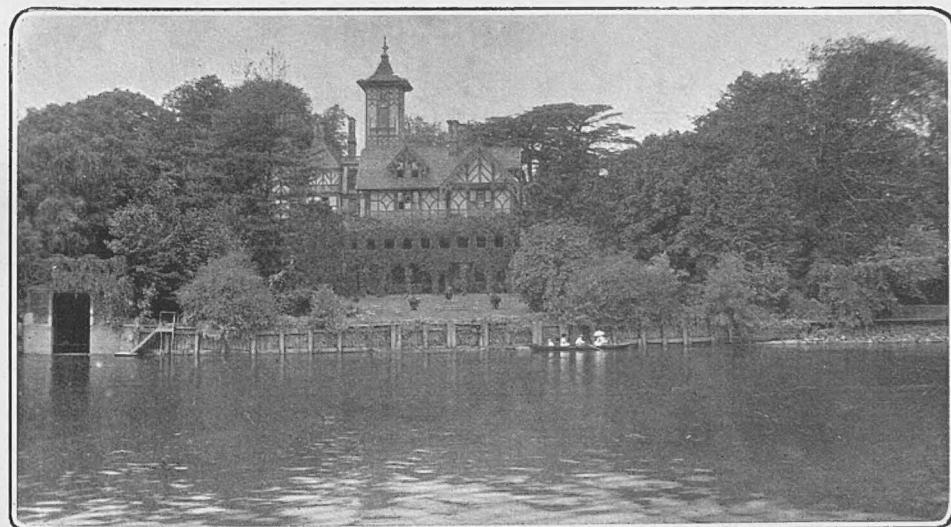
Tactful Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas Lipton never showed more tact than when, like another Paris, he was called upon to decide the rival claims of two American beauties. Many of his friends are wondering whether he will really carry out his promise of bringing back, together with the Cup, a New England bride from America. Sir Thomas Lipton has long been one of the wealthiest of British bachelors, and though his engagement has been sometimes rumoured, he has never shown any serious wish to change his condition. This is the more strange when it is remembered how considerable a place the now famous owner of *Shamrock III* attained, almost at one bound, in the smartest and most exclusive social circles. His first social godmother was Lady Jeune; at her hospitable house he met all sorts of notable people, including Royalties, and the extraordinary luck which seems to be his birthright did not desert him on the eventful day when the accident, which might have been so grave, took place on board his yacht at a time when the King was numbered among his guests.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



"POPE'S VILLA," TWICKENHAM, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN SOLD BY MR. LABOUCHERE.
Photograph by Ives, Kingston.

"Pope's Villa," Changes Hands. "Pope's Villa," so long the residence of Mr. Labouchere, is one of the most familiar and interesting features of older Twickenham. Indeed, it may be said to be a veritable landmark for rowing-men and boating-parties. Its name, however, is something of an anachronism, since the author of the "Iliad" died many years before its erection, and the villa does not even stand on the actual site of the poet's house. Pope died on May 30, 1744, and was buried in Twickenham Church, being borne to the grave by six poor men of the parish, to each of whom he bequeathed a suit of mourning. The property was then acquired by Sir William Stanhope, and, later, passed into the hands of the Baroness Howe, who, desiring a more commodious place, caused the villa to be demolished and a new house built near its site, and thus gained the title of "Queen of the Goths." "Pope's Villa" has been in the occupation of Mr. Labouchere for more than thirty years, but it is understood that he has now disposed of it.

The Royal Train. Among the many interesting features of their Majesties' progress through the Green Isle, none perhaps aroused more admiration in Ireland than the magnificent Royal Train built in the Dundalk works of the Great Northern Railway (Ireland). This consisted of five saloon-cars and two brake-vans, drawn by a new-type express engine which is one of the largest and speediest in the world. The bodies of the cars were made of selected Honduras mahogany, varnished and lined out with gold and blue, with panels bearing the Royal Arms and the Company's monogram. His Majesty's saloon comprised a drawing-room, dining-room, and smoke-room, most luxuriously and tastefully fitted and upholstered; while that prepared for the Queen contained a drawing-room, boudoir, and retiring-room. The train was fitted throughout with electric-light, steam-heating apparatus, and brake communication, and the five cars were connected with each other by vestibule gangways. Everything that the most fastidious taste could desire was provided on the Irish Royal Train, which would compare favourably with any in the United Kingdom or on the Continent.

Where Ignorance is the Reverse of Bliss. Ignorance of the law is, in general, deemed an inadequate excuse for an infraction of it (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). In Germany, as the judgments of many Courts testify, civilians rarely if ever escape punishment when they urge ignorance as their plea; but, curiously enough, policemen, who, one would think, ought to make an exact study of the limits of their prerogatives, are frequently acquitted on charges brought against them by injured citizens on the ground that they acted in good faith and in the belief that their conduct would be justified in the eyes of their superiors and of the law. Several cases of this nature have occurred during the past week, and great is the indignation expressed in Liberal and Radical journals at the immunity enjoyed by the police for acts of arbitrary brutality. Citizens, it seems, may be arrested on frivolous charges and kept in a cell all night, and if, conscious of their good right, they oppose violence to the "man in blue," they may be punished for resistance to the authority of the State, while the policeman escapes scot-free. It is a curious state of affairs, but Germans, and especially the middle classes of them, are a long-suffering race accustomed to exhibit lamb-like deference and submission to uniformed authority. Consequently, the judicial conception that it would be unwise to allow police zeal to become "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" or indecision is likely to prevail unchecked for many years to come.



"SKETCH" ENTHUSIASTS IN SOUTH AFRICA: A WINTER (JULY) AFTERNOON NEAR CAPE TOWN.

A Test Case. One of the most striking cases of the omnipotence exercised by the police has occurred in one of the manufacturing districts of Prussia. There were disturbances between working-men and the authorities, and the police were compelled to use violence, but they did not succeed in apprehending all the offenders. The following day they attempted to remedy this failure by calling on a doctor who was supposed to have treated some of the wounded artisans. They commanded the medical man to show them his books, a command which he naturally refused, basing his refusal on the inviolability of medical secrets. The police, however, informed him that the inviolability to which he appealed could not be allowed to obtain when the interests of the State were involved.

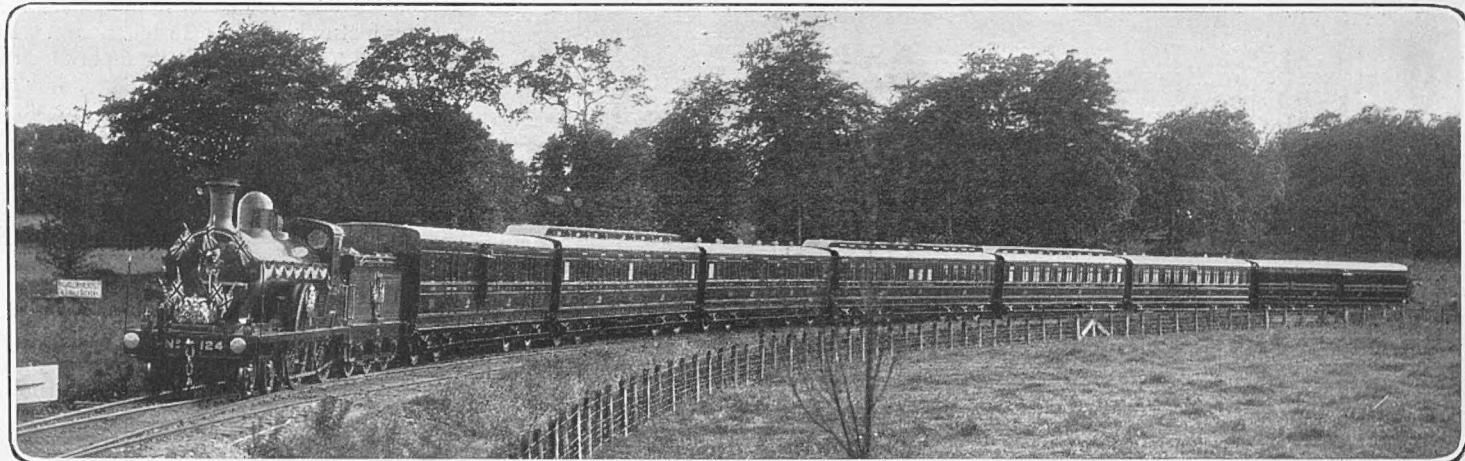
They seized

his books, containing the names and addresses of his patients and the description of their complaints, and, with the information thus obtained, proceeded to the arrest of the working-men who had been wounded the previous day. It is understood that the case will be carried to the Superior Courts, with the object of securing the condemnation of the police procedure and of upholding the inviolability of medical secrets.

A British Bismarck.

Highly interesting to the British resident in Germany is the attitude of the public mind towards Mr. Chamberlain. No one is so much hated and admired in this country as the Colonial Secretary, but those who hate him most admire him intensely. Only a few weeks ago, one of the leaders of Pan-Germanism, who had taken a leading part in reviling Mr. Chamberlain during the Boer War, admitted to me that Germans would give much to possess a statesman of his calibre and courage. "He is," said my friend, "a British Bismarck. We fear him precisely because he knows so thoroughly the needs of Great Britain, and is prepared to satisfy them with inexorable energy."

The Pope's Tomb. For the time being, the remains of Leo XIII. will rest in the niche over the doorway by the Chapel of the Choir of St. Peter's, but, when the time comes for the proper burial, the late Pope will be laid, according to his own wish, in the Church of St. John Lateran, by the side of Pope Innocent III., to whom he erected a magnificent monument. Leo XIII. marked out the exact spot in which he desired to be buried, and his tomb will be the work of the sculptor Luchetti, who also carved the monument to Pope Innocent III. Most of the Popes are, of course, buried in St. Peter's, but many of them lie in the other churches of Rome, and also at Naples, Genoa, and one or two other Italian towns.



THE ROYAL TRAIN OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY (IRELAND) CONVEYING THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN FROM DUBLIN TO NEWTOWNARDS ON JULY 25 LAST.

Once again the August Bank Holiday week has come round, and London is empty of Londoners. But the theatrical managers and hotel-keepers keep a cheerful countenance, for, when London goes to



LADY McCONNELL, THE EX-LADY MAYORESS OF BELFAST.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

the country, the country seizes the opportunity to come to London. As Mr. St. John Adcock puts it—

When the summer radiance falls
Fiercely on straw-hatted craniums;
When the garden round St. Paul's
Glow with red and white geraniums;
When the Temple's pleasaunce hems
Bowery screens round happy dreamers,
And, to weave delight, the Thames
Shuttles its excursion steamers—

Then, from rural depths and heights,
Where the world is green and glorious,
Strangers come to see the sights
That have made the town notorious,
Peasants who have mowed their hay
Year by year in three or four fields
Wondering why, in London, they
Feel so out of place in Moorfields.

Natives of the wild sea-shore
On the Strand seem lost and curious,
Finding, 'mid the traffic, more
Risks than on the ocean furious;
Hinds who down on vale and lea
Mostly look, from homesteads hilly,
Feel they don't belong to the
Upper class in Piccadilly.

Farmers, fresh from places where
Men fill out to ample sizes,
Dress in London styles—but they're
Farmers still through all disguises:
Though their garb be starched and neat,
O'er the pavements you may see them
Pick their way as if their feet
Felt the meadow underneath them.

Bearded, bronzed, and brawly built,
Scots, whose dress at home is crude-like,
Putting off the scanty kilt,
Stride through London trousered dude-like;
Rustic England, Ireland, Wales
Smile and stray in city places,
And, until the summer fails,
Fill the streets with country faces.

For, when London's grimy walls
Bask in sun o'er all its areas,
When the garden round St. Paul's
Flaunts its pinks and calceolarias,
When the Cockneys, hurrying down,
Far-off rural haunts for fun try—
Then the country comes to town,
While the town is in the country!

An Irish Hostess. Lady McConnell, the ex-Lady Mayoress of Belfast, was among those who welcomed the King to Ulster. She was, before her marriage, Miss Elsie Hewson, and became "My Lady" three years after her marriage to Sir Robert McConnell. "The Mount," Strandtown, has long been famed for its hospitalities, and Lady McConnell continues to take almost as keen an interest in all that concerns the famous Irish town with which her husband has had a lifelong association as when she was Lady Mayoress.

A Cabinet Silver Wedding. Mr. Walter and Lady Doreen Long are celebrating their Silver Wedding amid hearty congratulations from political friend and foe alike. Looking at Lady Doreen's still youthful face and figure, it is difficult to believe that a quarter of a century has gone by since the best-looking of Lord and Lady Cork's daughters became the wife of the popular politician who has earned the pleasant title of the "Farmer's Friend." Of Mr. Walter Long's two daughters, the one is Mrs. Gibbs; the other, Miss Lettice Long, is just engaged to Mr. George Cooper. Both these young ladies and their brothers are as devoted to all forms of outdoor life as is their father, and Lady Doreen's prowess as a horse-woman was once very cleverly celebrated in verse.

Musical Arrangements. Of concerts there have been no end, but with the Royal Academy Pupils' Concert of last week

the usual hush has come over the various concert-halls of London. Just as in Heaven the Seer records that there was silence for the space of half-an-hour (a certain wit has said that this was certain proof of the exclusion of the female sex from the joys of Paradise), so there is silence for a brief while, to a large extent, in the concert-rooms of London, though musical preparations are everywhere busy. The Moody-Manners Opera Season at Covent Garden will be before the public in a fortnight or so, and, to fall back upon "Macbeth" for quotation, "There's husbandry in Heaven." The arrangements, too, are many for the autumn, and the Musical Festivals are for ever with us year by year. The most important of these will be that of Birmingham, where, among other things, Dr. Elgar's new work, "The Apostles," is to be produced. This year Three Choirs' Festival finds its centre in Hereford, and other musical localities are busy with forthcoming musical undertakings. Thus, though London for a while is musically languid, the art jogs along merrily enough in England, even though there be no earthly justification for Dr. Elgar's amazing statement that you must go somewhere North of London to find the centre of music in this country. One had not expected to find so broad-minded a composer, as has already been said in these columns, descending to ideas so provincial.

The Literary Essays of the late Bishop Lyttelton of Southampton are to be published with a Memoir of the author by Mr. Murray. Among the subjects are Browning, George Eliot, Tennyson, Arnold, Clough, A. C. Swinburne, and J. Thomson. They are dealt with from the religious point of view. Bishop Lyttelton was a contributor to the *Spectator* in Mr. Hutton's time.



MISS DOROTHY DRAKE, NOW APPEARING AS
"GLITTERING GLORIA" AT WYNDHAM'S.

Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS.

As usual, when the Paris theatrical season closes, Mounet-Sully and the principal members of the Français troupe have started on their tour with a few classical plays round the provinces of France. They do not play in theatres this year, but in the old Roman amphitheatres which have been unearthed in the South, and this comparatively new enterprise of classic pieces in classic environment is becoming more and more popular each year. At Nîmes, a week ago, in the hill-circled Roman amphitheatre, before an audience of thousands, the "King Oedipus" of Sophocles was wonderfully successful. Mounet-Sully, of course, played Oedipus, and Paul Mounet, his brother, was the Tiresias, while Emilie Lerou bade her farewell to the stage—she is to be Professor of Diction at Geneva University—in the rôle of Jocasta.

On Sunday and Monday last, Aug. 1 and 2, the Comédie-Française played Corneille's five-Act tragedy of "Horace," with Mounet-Sully in the title-rôle, in the old Roman Theatre at Orange, where, in between the Acts, Emma Calvé sang some of the old songs of the South. Besides Mounet-Sully and Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Albert Lambert, Paul Mounet, Mesdames Séguin-Weber and Moreno (who is Mrs. Schwob, the wife of the French translator of Sarah Bernhardt's "Hamlet") scored big successes.

About the only busy people in Paris at this

Levallois-Perret, a Paris suburb which, as a rule, is more remarkable for grime and crime than joyfulness, is in high festival this week, in honour of the annual Kermesse and the choice of its Queen, Mademoiselle Vialatte, a charming blonde, who for three weeks is monarch of the suburb. There is to be a banquet of the hundred oldest inhabitants of Levallois, and on the 23rd, the last day of the fête, a monster cavalcade of thirty cars, fifteen hundred horsemen, and an army of no less than two thousand four hundred quaintly garbed *figurants* on foot. The cortège is to march in procession all round the suburb during the afternoon and evening, and at night each car will be most brilliantly illuminated with electric fairy-lights. The procession is to illustrate the various industries of Levallois-Perret.

ROME. The most interesting of all the ceremonies in connection with the Pope's death was that of the transference of the mortal remains from the Capella del Sacramento to the Capella del Choro, which is situated exactly opposite it on the other side of the Basilica, on the left-hand as one enters. This ceremony was the more striking as it took place by torchlight in the evening. The Cardinal Arch-Priest of St. Peter, together with the Canons, went in mournful procession, each carrying a long wax candle and preceded by a huge cross, down the church as far as the Capella del Sacramento.



THE ROMAN THEATRE AT ORANGE, WHERE MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT, M. MOUNET-SULLY, AND THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE COMPANY HAVE BEEN PLAYING.



Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

A REHEARSAL ON THE STAGE OF THE ROMAN THEATRE AT ORANGE.

Photograph by C. Chusseau-Flavien, Paris.

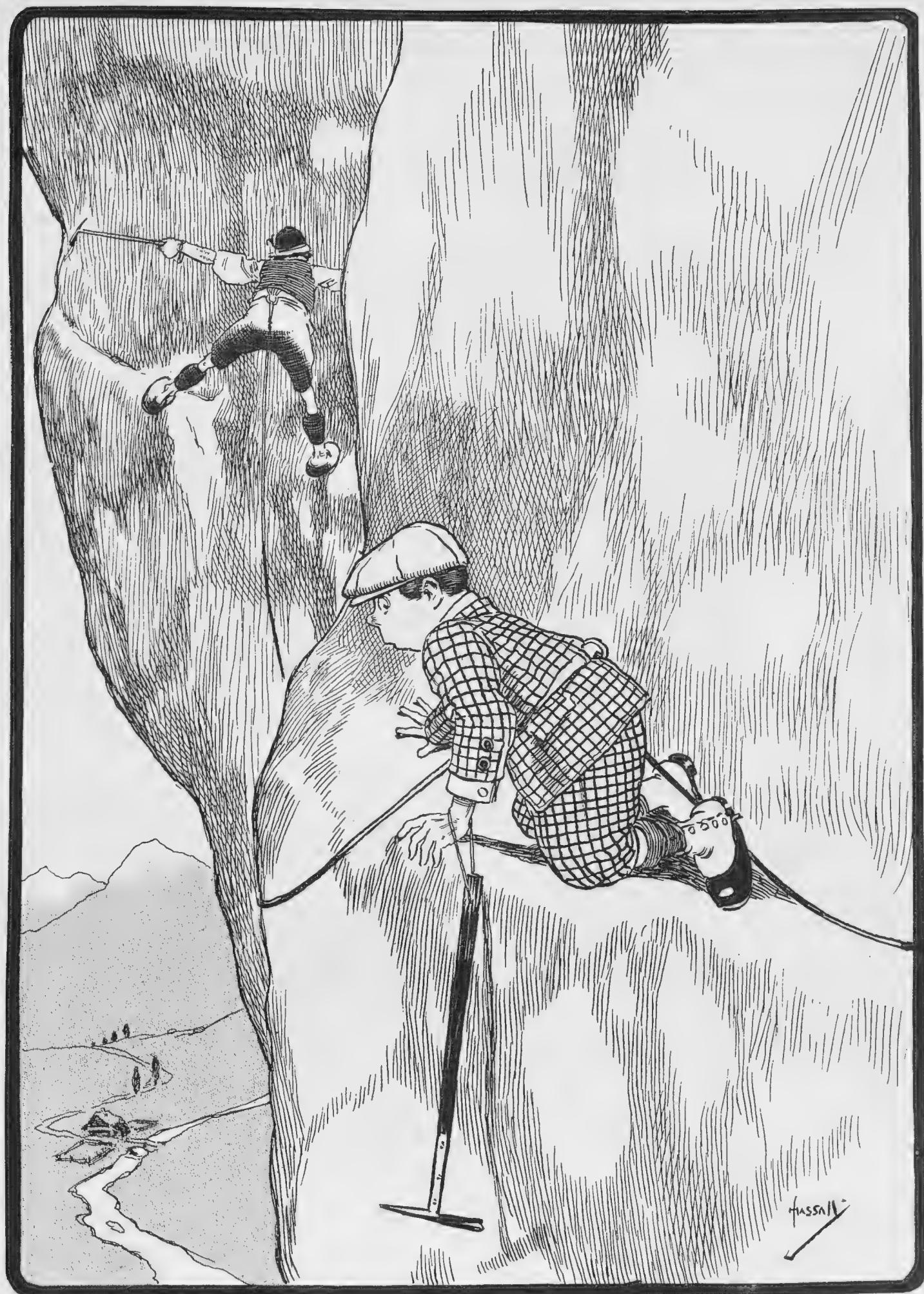
season are the toy-makers, for the third "Toy Derby," organised by the indefatigable Police Prefect, M. Lépine, is announced for the first days of September. It will be held in the Petit Palais in the Champs-Elysées, and promises far to outstrip its predecessors both in the number of exhibits and in their interest. I have made a round of toy-makers, and learn that the mechanical inventions this year will be even more startling than usual. No toy is to be sold at less than a halfpenny or more than one-and-sixpence, and between these limits we are promised conjurers made of old sardine-tins, who, with nothing in their hands and nothing up their sleeves, do wonders with tiny packs of cards, tin plates, and other household implements, "Looping the Loop" toys, and, above all, tin dancers of the "cake-walk," even more grotesque than life.

on the right side of the church, chanting the whole time the dismal dirge of "Miserere." On arriving here, the Chaplains and the Brethren of the Holy Sacrament took the body of the late Pope and walked in solemn procession down the church and round up to the Capella del Choro on the left. Here they were met by the Cardinals and other highest officials of the Church, all garbed in violet. Then a Bishop in pontifical robes blessed the body and recited the prayers used for these sad occasions and blessed and censed the bier. Then the shroud was produced. In it the body was wrapped, all clothed in its pontifical robes, with mitre, chasuble, pallium, and sandals all complete. Three purses containing medals of gold, silver, and bronze were then placed in the bier, the number of the medals corresponding to the number of years in the life of the late Pontiffex.

AUG. 5, 1903

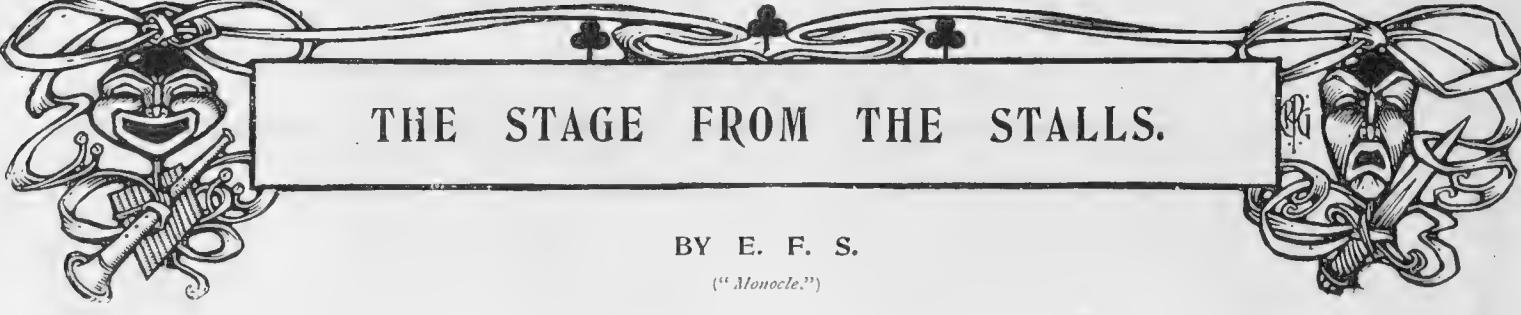
THE SKETCH.

85



AN AUGUST NIGHTMARE.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

(“Monocle.”)

CHARLES READE AS A DRAMATIST.

M R. JOHN COLEMAN'S book, called “Charles Reade as I Knew Him” (published by Treherne and Co.), is curiously interesting to those who, whilst dealing professionally with the drama, are not exactly “stage-struck,” since it shows very vividly what a distorted view of life may be caused by the strange glamour of the theatre. Apart from this, I must add that it contains a great deal of readable strange matter. Perhaps the first thought that comes when reading the book is that Maréchal Villars was very wise when he asked to be protected against his friends. It would be absurd to fancy that the book has not been written with the deepest feeling of friendship, and yet the phrase from Julius Cæsar which appears on the frontispiece, “Nature might stand up, and say to all the world, ‘This was a Man,’” seems almost a mockery. For the picture painted is of a strangely narrow-minded and unforgiving creature, capable ten years after the event of writing a pamphlet of abuse upon a scene-painter alleged to have ruined his play “Dora,” and guilty eighteen years after the outcry against the brutal realism in “It is Never Too Late to Mend” of writing a philippic against Tomlins, the critic of the *Morning Post*, who denounced the horrors of the piece, charging him with howling down the prison scenes “by brute clamour, being drunk, ‘his custom even in the afternoon’”! If the Coleman picture be true, Reade was a mass of misplaced vanity, constantly refusing to believe that his frequent failures as playwright or hack were due to anything but the stupidity of the public, the conspiracies of the critics, the badness of the acting, and so on. Moreover, the admirable novelist, whilst vindictively litigious when what he deemed his rights were assailed, is shown as a flagrant poacher who adapted a novel by Trollope and a novel by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett without leave and plundered the French without scruple. Perhaps what is related against him is ancient history and well known, but I was so ignorant as never to have suspected that the author of some superb novels that I have admired for many years was such a fellow. It would have been much pleasanter to believe him to have been the kind of man suggested to us by his books, and all the facts about his gift for friendship and his generosity with money fail to relieve the disagreeable impression created by this biography. It is no wonder that he was an indifferent critic of his own work, seeing that he had so little of the critic's spirit that, at a time when admittedly he had little if any more than a Cook's tourist knowledge of French, he criticised Rachel, saying, “She might, perhaps, stand beside Mrs. Warner in *Lady Macbeth* were it not for the Englishwoman's magnificent presence, but she couldn't hold a candle to Helen Faucit in *Juliet* and *Rosalind*.” Not content with this, he deals with “Phèdre,” and his words are: “But oh, oh! M. Racine, what a rattling up of dry bones over the frustrated fornication of Phèdre.” Yet who doubts that “Phèdre” will live long after the memory of Reade, even as novelist, has disappeared? Speaking of English literature, he remarks that Charlotte Brontë could not have written two remarkable books if she had written for ever!

However, my business is not with Charles Reade the man, or Charles Reade author of such great novels as “Griffith Gaunt” and “The Cloister and the Hearth,” or Charles Reade plaintiff in Reade v. Conquest—what Mr. Coleman means by calling Mr. (now Lord) Justice Stirling's judgment in the “Little Lord Fauntleroy” case “specious” I cannot tell—I am dealing with Reade author of the play “It is Never Too Late to Mend,” part-author of “Masks and Faces,” and adapter of the works called “The Courier of Lyons,” “Nance Oldfield,” and “Drink,” to name the only pieces with which he was associated that are likely to be known by most of my readers. Indeed, I pause to ask how many of my readers who are acquainted with “Christie Johnstone,” “It is Never Too Late to Mend,” “The Cloister and the Hearth,” “Hard Cash,” “Griffith Gaunt,” and “Put Yourself in his Place” could off-hand name so many of what may be called his plays as I have mentioned? Yet Mr. Coleman gives a list of ten unacted pieces and twenty-five acted works, from which, by the way, is omitted one of the most successful, “The Courier of Lyons,” of which he was author, part-author, or adapter. In fact, it is not too much to say that the greater part of his working life was devoted to drama and that he was a novelist almost by accident.

One cannot keep back a feeling of bitterness concerning the glamour of the playhouse, which caused a novelist of superb quality to neglect his real vocation and devote the greater part of his energies to a career for which he had no real calling. No doubt, Mr. Coleman, though he does not offer any general criticism upon Reade as a playwright, would dispute the proposition that Reade had no real calling for the stage, but results speak eloquently. His one original work that may

be said to have lived is Reade's adaptation of his own immensely successful novel “It is Never Too Late to Mend,” itself founded on his unsuccessful play “Gold.” Concerning “Gold,” Reade says, “The public were enthusiastic, but the gentlemen of the fourth estate, as usual, bludgeoned me down first, executed a war-dance on me next, and another on my unfortunate piece. The house was packed nightly, with—paper, I presume. . . .” His views concerning Boucicault's opinion on the manuscript of “It is Never Too Late to Mend” is, “Boucy advises me to cut out the Jew and Jacky. Aha, old Fox, they will outlive thee and me!” I do not care to offer my own opinion of the play, but will take that of Professor Henry Morley: “A weak three-Act piece with a fourth interpolated Act. . . . The play is a commonplace, transposition drama in plot and language, with only a chance gleam here and there of the genius that produced, in conjunction with Mr. Tom Taylor, one of the best dramas of our time—‘Masks and Faces,’ and to which we owe so admirable a novel as ‘The Cloister and the Hearth.’” It is unlikely that the play will ever again be produced in a West-End theatre, except, perhaps, in the off-season.

“Masks and Faces” has aroused much controversy concerning the relative share in the work of the two authors, to say nothing of the question whether the famous picture episode was not borrowed by one of them. It may be noted, too, that for the very successful Bancroft production a great many changes were made in the play, some by Reade, some by the players, and an opening scene was added, written by Taylor from a sketch by Mrs. Bancroft. A fine if not always unprejudiced critic, George Henry Lewes, in speaking of the long scene in the second Act, says, “All the details of the scene are admirable. . . . they are not built up into a work of art. . . . Hence it requires all the resources of the actors to keep up the interest, and even in spite of our laughter and our tears a sense of weariness ever and anon steals over us.” At the same time the play has had immense success, and, despite its excess of obvious theatricality, no doubt might and probably will be revived again with success, since it contains an acting part that might tempt any leading lady. “The Courier of Lyons,” an effective adaptation of a French play, still is in Sir Henry Irving's répertoire, and “Nance Oldfield” is played by Miss Ellen Terry, and both form effective vehicles for acting, but they cannot be considered drama of serious value. His version of “Bataille de Dames,” taken without leave or acknowledgment, was not chosen for the recent revival at the Haymarket. “Drink,” of course, had a great success, thanks largely to Mr. Warner's remarkable performance as Coupeau, and when he is in the cast is likely to run still, except, indeed, in the West-End theatres, where the crude brutalities of the work would no longer be tolerated. Three of his works—“Dora” (from Tennyson), “Shilly-shally,” and “Joan”—adapted without leave from the works of writers who as living novelists were entitled to more honourable treatment by a *confrère*—I have never seen. Of “Two Loves and a Life,” by Reade and Taylor (or Taylor and Reade?), Mr. Coleman says, “As a literary work, there can be no doubt that it is far and away in advance of any drama of the same class in this century.” However, the specimen that Mr. Coleman gives from “The King's Rival” of what he calls “soul-stirring lines,” than which “no nobler poetry has been written since the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth,” makes one doubt his authority as a critic of literary work.

Assuming then that Reade had no instinct for dramatic writing, that he was not an actor nor came of a theatrical stock, it seems amazing that his failures, losses, annoyances, and humiliations as playwright did not drive him back to his real life-work of writing novels. One cannot explain this by saying that he was “stage-struck,” undoubtedly the case, since it seems impossible to analyse the stage-fever manifest in him as well as in Mr. Coleman. This stage-fever of which Mr. Coleman is happy victim shows itself abundantly in the book, which, in consequence, is very curious and interesting. Indeed, a remarkably vivid picture is given of some aspects of stage-life in the mid-Victorian era, and there are many interesting anecdotes of plays and players of renown, and photographs enrich the work curiously: the last of all has a fantastic under-note of unintentional humour. Intended as a labour of love and monument of friendship, it may be ineffectual as an appeal to any save the stage-struck; and admirers of the novelist may regret, even resent, the publication of such matter as appears in the chapter referring to “the fair Anonymæ”—the diphthong puzzles me—but the book has its value as a storehouse of facts, and its autobiographical notes give an agreeable picture of a well-known figure in Stageland and useful information concerning an actor of repute and the author of some successful plays.



MISS FLORENCE WARDE, OF THE GAIETY, IN HER CAKE-WALK DANCE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THE EVOLUTION OF A POPULAR SONG.

Standing : R. Allan, Bert Byrne, C. Coborn, G. Arthurs, Whit Cunliffe, E. Bateman,
J. Gillott, J. P. Harrington, E. Allan.



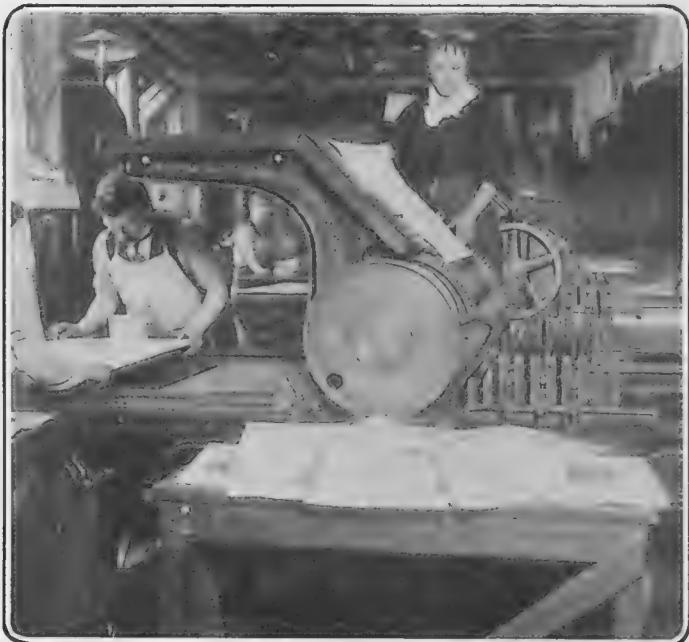
Seated round Table : R. P. Weston, F. W. Carter, Gilbert Wells, A. J. Mills, G. Stevens.
A GROUP OF WRITERS AND COMPOSERS.



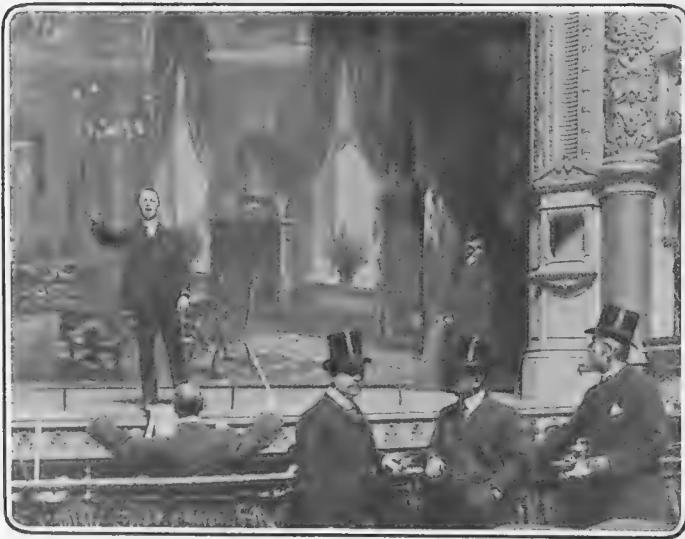
MR. DAY AND MR. BENNETT-SCOTT (COMPOSER OF "I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO SAIL AWAY").



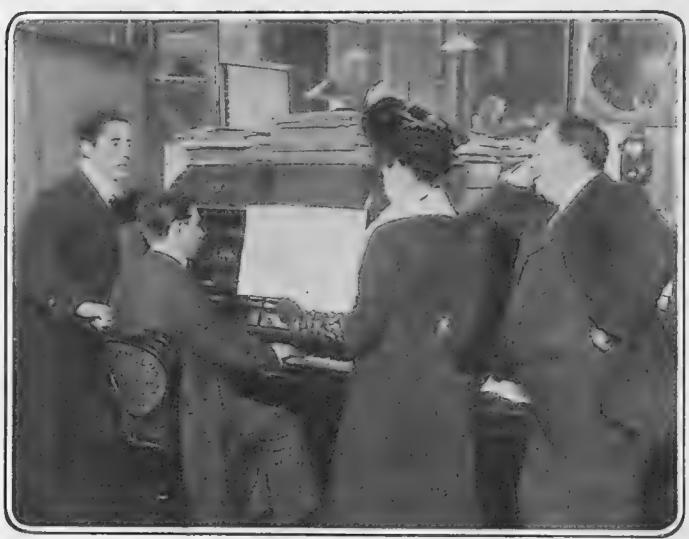
THE STUDIO OF SIDNEY KENT, WHO DESIGNS TITLE-PAGES.



PRINTING THE SONGS.



REHEARSING A NEW SONG AT A MUSIC-HALL.



SELLING THE SONG TO A MEMBER OF THE PUBLIC.

FOR LANGUOROUS LONDONERS: V.—REGENT'S PARK.



THE LAKE AND RUSTIC BRIDGE.



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AVENUES IN LONDON.

Photographs by H. N. King, London. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL:

ART CRITIC, LITERARY CRITIC, NOVELIST, AND DRAMATIST.

AS an art critic, Lady Colin is among the very few we have, though many people write about pictures. She has been the art critic of the *World* for fourteen years, succeeding Mr. George Bernard Shaw in that position. At that time, she was probably the first woman to do art criticism, though now Mrs. Meynell's name is also well known in that connection. Lady Colin's education specially prepared her for art criticism. Her father was one of the best connoisseurs of his time, the best connoisseur Lady Colin herself has ever known. The condition of his health made it necessary they should live abroad, and their winters were, for the most part, spent in Florence, and their summers in Venice or in the mountains above Lucca. The Picture Galleries were thus their happy hunting-ground, and, as Lady Colin's father painted a great deal and copied the pictures of the Old Masters, while incidentally he taught his beautiful daughter all he knew of Giotto and Cimabue, to say nothing of Mantegna and Botticelli, Lady Colin got her art-education in its natural sequence, working from the beginning towards modern art, instead of, as is usually the case, from modern art back to the beginning. She thus began where other people leave off. Then, too, in Florence she studied art herself under Duveneck, a more than ordinarily clever American artist, who was himself a pupil of Lenbach and Leibl of Munich. It was with no idea of becoming a professional painter that she took up the work, but merely in pursuance of the policy of that broad artistic education in which her parents believed, though the technical training has had a great effect on her writing, for she has been heard to say that it is impossible to understand how anyone can take up the technical criticism of art without understanding its difficulties.

In pursuance of the broad artistic education policy, Lady Colin was naturally taught singing, and, could her masters have had their way, she would undoubtedly have been one of the ornaments of the operatic stage, for her voice was a full contralto, with a compass of no less than three octaves—a rare possession for a contralto. She would thus have been able to sing the contralto parts in the operas of Rossini, for instance, and the singers who can do that are few and far between nowadays. The artistic emancipation which has so greatly influenced all forms of stage-work had not, however, then begun, and her parents absolutely refused to countenance the idea of their daughter becoming a singer.

In those days, and for long after, Lady Colin used to be an expert swimmer. When at Venice, she was wont to bathe off the Lido, the strip of sand on which Byron used to ride; and when visiting Egypt, before that country became a suburb of London, Paris, or Monte Carlo, she went up the Nile as far as the Second Cataract, and used to swim in the river with a dragoman looking out for crocodiles. At that time, too, she was a famous horsewoman. She used often to break-in horses, and the greater the reputation a brute had for bucking, the greater was her desire to conquer it. On one occasion, a horse bucked with her under the branch of a tree. Her hat was smashed flat, and to the fact that it was a hard felt she probably owed her life. Once, when staying with some friends at Box Hill, she instructed a horse in the way it should not go. She used to take him into a path between thick furze-bushes, where he could not turn, and taught him to kick. That horse subsequently went to Tattersall's, and, if someone bought him as "warranted quiet," he must have often wondered what sort of an animal he would have got if it had been warranted the other thing.

The marked favour with which fencing is regarded by women, in England, at all events, is directly due in no small measure to

Lady Colin, for she was the first woman to take it up and advocate its general use, alike as an exercise and a means of acquiring grace of carriage and movement. She studied in Paris under Prévost, and in London under Philippe Bourgeois; and it is peculiarly hard that she who walked in the paths of physiological righteousness in her youth—for she was also a splendid athlete and could give an excellent account of herself in the gymnasium—should be debarred from the pleasures of active physical life by rheumatism.

It is undoubtedly as a writer that Lady Colin is best-known. Her literary career began at fourteen, when she wrote an article on the "Women's Turkish Bath in Cairo," which was published in *Cassell's Magazine*. She then incorporated her childhood's remembrances in a book called "Topo," which was written when she was fifteen, and had the distinction of being the first book Kate Greenaway ever illustrated, although she had already won a great reputation by her beautiful sketches of children.

"Topo" was a child's book, and had a great vogue, for it went through seven or eight editions. Later on, circumstances made it necessary that Lady Colin should take up some work. A friend on the *Saturday Review*, which was then the blue ribbon of journalism and the first critical paper of the time, had long suggested that Lady Colin should write. She had always laughed at the idea, but, stimulated by the needs of the moment, she told him that she intended to take his advice. "Very well," he replied; "write me an article and I will show it to the Editor." She wrote the article. Her friend showed it to the Editor, and she was invited to go on the staff. In a very little while she was doing three articles a-week—a short leader, a general article, and most of the reviews of the foreign books, for she is an accomplished linguist. Indeed, she spoke Italian and French before she could speak English, and she has a thorough knowledge of German and Spanish as well. Being conversant with the literature of those countries, she was able to do full justice to the modern books, though, as she has often remarked in speaking of those times, she was "careful to leave German metaphysics severely alone."

Eventually, certain disagreements arose on the *Saturday Review*; and in 1889 Lady Colin, on the invitation of the late Edmund Yates, went on the *World* as art critic, and, in addition, wrote "A Woman's Walks," selections from which are about to be republished, in the same way as selections from articles on fresh-water fish and fish-culture which first appeared in the *Saturday Review* were subsequently gathered together in book-form. Besides these, there have been novels, among them "Darell Blake," and plays, notable among which was "St. Martin's Summer," written in collaboration with Miss Clotilde Graves, and produced fifteen months ago by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. With Miss Graves, Lady Colin has just finished a new eighteenth-century comedy whose destination is not yet settled. Perhaps one of the quickest pieces of work Lady Colin ever did was a one-Act play she wrote, a few years ago, for Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Charrington, when they produced a quintuple bill at Terry's. They had plays by Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and Mrs. W. K. Clifford, but they wanted a fifth. When Lady Colin arrived home from a theatre-party one Friday night, she found a note from Mr. Charrington asking if she had a play she could read to them on Tuesday. So far from having a play, she did not even possess an idea for a play. She wrote, however, that she was going into the country on Saturday, but would read them the play on Tuesday. In the country the play was conceived and written, and on Tuesday morning "Bud and Blossom" was read and accepted.



LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.
Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

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“THE SKETCH” PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

LII.—LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.



“EXCUSE ME ONE MOMENT. I HAVE TO SEND OFF THIS PROOF BY THE NEXT POST.”



“I SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME TO TALK ABOUT MY RECREATIONS. WELL, I AM PASSIONATELY FOND OF MUSIC.”



“ALSO OF PICTURES. THAT IS A PORTRAIT OF MYSELF AS A YOUNG GIRL.”



“HERE ARE SOME OF MY PETS. SEE HOW BOLDLY THEY FACE THE CAMERA!”



“NOW LET US GO OUT. IT IS BAD ENOUGH TO HAVE TO STAY INDOORS WHEN ONE IS AT WORK.”



“BUT I AM ALWAYS HAPPY IN THE OPEN AIR, WHETHER READING—”



“—OR PLAYING GAMES. . NOT THAT I AM CRAZY ABOUT CROQUET. I PREFER SWIMMING, RIDING, OR FENCING.”



“MUST YOU REALLY GO? WELL, LET ME—”



“—GIVE YOU A FEW FLOWERS TO BRIGHTEN THE ‘SKETCH’ OFFICE.”
(Mille remerciements.—ED.)

“THE HONOURABLE FRANCIS.” By E. C. DAWSON.

FROM the outset I thought him a curious young man, rather melancholy and a little awry. His forehead, eyebrows, eyelids curved in bewildering creases which he tried by perpetual twitching to straighten out, and his wearied expression proclaimed him the victim of an intellect several sizes too large.

Of course, he represented Culture in some form. He looked scarcely solid enough for Knowledge, and I judged it would be Art or Music; in the next moment I knew it was Literature, because Auntie beckoned me. If it had been otherwise, she would have signalled Enid.

The Staurkrauts imported him, a Professor and his wife who grace the “evenings” as regularly as the waiter.

“A colleague for you, my dear,” said Auntie, with the smile that has a hint in the recesses; “the Honourable Francis Cranberry. My niece writes, too.”

“Less risky if he had been told off to the musical one,” the Professor muttered irritably to his wife. I smiled a little—of the two of us Enid is generally regarded as the more seductive. His fears were based on the fact that Mabel annexed an obscure artist last year, and Mildred a well-connected Socialist the year before.

“Miss Milford writes, too?” the Honourable Francis repeated as I steered him away.

“I try to,” I explained. “You couldn’t belong to a family like ours without doing something ambitious: the seed is sown in earliest infancy, and in due course we sprout.”

“And the next process?” he inquired, with polite interest.

“It varies,” I answered, vaguely; “once or twice it has ended in transplantation.”

“Genius—literary genius, that is,” he began, “flourishes in all conditions, even in the vale of humiliation paved with the rolling stock that continues to roll.”

“It is humiliating,” I assented, “and there is such a brutal brevity about the printed slips, though I had one once with a pen-and-ink sketch at the end—the editor’s signature. Now I’ve started a collection.”

“But stationery and stamps are vital,” he broke in, and I looked a little surprised. Scions of the Peerage are not usually hard-up for the something under sixpence requisite to despatch so many thousand words and ensure their return.

“Have you a speciality?” I asked, rather curiously.

“I don’t believe in them,” he retorted, brusquely, and dropped his voice mysteriously; “they’re all frauds, and one is worried to death for no reason whatever.”

I glanced round and observed the Professor just within ear-shot, watching us intently while he devoured sandwiches; Mrs. Staurkraut, at a little distance, was watching, too, over the edge of a wine-glass. We have often told Auntie she should set that couple to a good square-meal in the dining-room when they come; there is something suggestive of famine in the havoc they make among the sandwiches. That night, however, after remarking that the caviare was incomparable, their appreciation was obviously less heart-whole; instead, they seemed engrossed in watching myself and the Honourable, in evident fear that he would be led astray. With intent to justify the assumption, I beamed on the Honourable Francis. “Do tell me what you write!” I said, eagerly. “I am really interested.”

The Honourable smiled on me with a sort of ponderous playfulness; his expression showed that he was pleased.

“I’ve written various Odes and Owed’s,” he retorted, humorously, “to editors and creditors.”

I pouted inimitably. “I thought you were going to be confidential—”

The Honourable became suddenly grave.

“You seem intelligent,” he said, musingly.

Auntie, who happened to pass at the moment, conveyed by her approving expression that she thought me intelligent also.

“Please,” I pursued, in a supplicating whisper to the Honourable.

“It’s fiction,” he rejoined, with a burst of gratified enthusiasm; “always fiction and eternally fiction, to obviate the consequences of fact.”

I looked puzzled and it pleased him. His hand wandered to a bulkiness in his tail-pocket. There must have been several quires of the inky foolscap he produced, and the Professor looked distinctly annoyed.

He approached us. “I say, old chap, put that away and come into the next room for music,” he suggested; “you are boring Miss Milford.”

“Thank you, Professor,” I said, with dignity; “I am quite interested: we prefer to stay here.”

The Honourable gave me a look of ineffable gratitude and smoothed the manuscript on his knees.

“‘The Complete Fictionist,’ ” he said; “my masterpiece—life-work.”

“An immense subject,” I remarked, intelligently.

“Immense?” he echoed. “Call it overwhelming! But I am dividing it into heads, and subdividing those—Art, Craft, Style, and so on. Listen to this, under the heading ‘Meteorological Effects’—

“Never speak of the sun as shining. Let it blaze, slant, glint, or gleam. ‘Shine,’ being commonplace, is mediocre; mediocrity terminates in oblivion.”

“Then the wind would not blow,” I suggested; “it would——?”

“Depend entirely on the season and Local Colour. ‘Local Colour’ is page 36.”

He turned it up after infinite research and read aloud—

“Presuppose a farm. Farm-hands, dairy-maids, dogs, horses, cows are essentials; calves, optional; speckled hens and children. Still-life effects: hay-ricks, pump, rustic bridge, rippling or limpid stream.

“Stream! There you have your key-note. Choose something in wind to coincide. That’s lucid enough.”

“Quite,” I acquiesced. “But why should the children be speckled, and would the rest live in unity?”

The Honourable entered quite into the humour of the suggestion, though affecting to take it seriously.

“Subtract the hens and the adjective,” he said; “make the dairy-maids singular, then look up ‘Specialities in Heroines,’ page 75, I think. Exactly! Now, your attention, please—

“The country heroine is identified by fresh complexion, blue eyes, brown hair, and smiling lips.”

“You have forgotten the *retroussé* nose,” I ventured.

The Honourable raised his eyes in slight annoyance.

“An omission easily remedied,” he said, stiffly. “An asterisk and a foot-note: ‘Nose *en suite*.’ ”

“Brilliant!” I said, apologetically. “That lifts the description quite out of the commonplace.”

“Just so! The object of the work,” he replied, placidly. “It is gratifying to meet with appreciative intelligence—I may add that I am on the look-out for someone so gifted; at the same time, she must realise that the elect have exclusive right to the privileges of the elect... That’s lucid, too.”

“It’s a little premature,” I retorted, stiffly, and his look of blank amazement seemed to indicate that it was I who had been too previous.

“You have taken me a little beyond my depth,” I added, hastening to palliate the error with the homage of intelligence to genius. But it entirely missed the mark; he caught up the words irritably. “You are a mere dabbler, then,” he said, contemptuously; “as bad as the others—some dabble, some swim, and the rest are entirely submerged in their flight for the unattainable.”

“The metaphor is a little mixed,” I suggested, a shade triumphantly. He faced me excitedly. “Dabbler!” he hissed between his teeth; “D-A-B-B-L-E-R!” An aggressive glitter in his eyes, a dawning intelligence in my own, brought the Professor from the sofa post-haste.

He linked his arm through the Honourable’s. “You’re too egotistical, old chap,” he said, soothingly; “come down and have a glass of wine.”

The Honourable made some sort of rejoinder. The Professor drowned it by a carefully simulated guffaw, and guided him from the room. His wife crossed the room to me apologetically.

“It would have been better, under the circumstances, if he had had the musical one,” I observed, significantly.

“So sorry it should have happened!” she said. “The Professor would let him come—thought a little relaxation would be good for him, though I said it would be risky. The fact is, he overworked at College—quite harmless, of course—and the Professor and I are taking care of him until he recovers.”

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I HAVE been among some Passive Resisters. They came into the train that was carrying me from one country station to another and began at once to talk of a meeting that had been held on the previous day to protest against paying the Education Rate. I joined in the conversation by asking the first objector, a farmer, what he objected to. He was rather confused at being singled out, and said that, rightly speaking, he didn't know much about Acts of Parliament, but he did object to education. They never had any to speak of when he was a lad, and now, when the land wanted more labour, boys had to be sent to school and were not available to scare rooks or do the light work of the land, for which sixpence a-day is the market-price. He "counted" that the Government should look after the land in preference to the schools, so he had been to the meeting. An old lady then gave her views. She had four houses that didn't bring her in nearly enough rent and had never had any children of her own, so she was not going to pay extra rates on her little property to educate other folk's children if she could become a Passive Resister at no expense. Rates were heavy enough. A third Resister objected to all established forms of Government and declared that Ministers existed only for the sake of salary and pickings. By this time my station was reached, and I left the train with profound respect for the mental calibre of the country edition of Passive Resisters.

I turn to my morning paper quite anxiously in these days, for the "Silly Season" is upon us, and I am keen to catch the earliest glimpse of the discussion that is to make it memorable. With the Opera House closed and Goodwood over, with the fashionable exodus to foreign baths, Cowes, and Scotland, it is time that the discussion of the season should be held, that Suburbia should lift up its voice and set its pen to paper. The giant gooseberries and sea-serpents that sufficed our simpler parents please us no more; we have learned all there is to learn about the best way of prospering our sons and our daughters; we know the marriageable age and whether women should smoke.

Every year the range of subjects is narrowed down, for the essence of a "Silly Season" correspondence is simplicity: everybody must be able to contribute to it. This condition puts Free Trade, the Education Bill, and kindred topics right outside the area covered by the great and largest circulations that appeal to the heart of the people. As a rule, the brain of the people is reached only by the serious literary Radical sheets that won't look at betting-lists, that relegate tape-prices to back-pages, and are strenuous and soulful, the playground of folks with grievances.

It is wrong to despise or write lightly of the "Silly Season" correspondence. Without it we should lose our national love of literature. Read a page or two of the letters that deluge the popular August Press, and then turn to the bookstalls and purchase for a penny one of the innumerable novels that are to be found hiding their graces within pink or green paper covers. Read a page or two of one of these novels, and you will see that the novelist and the correspondent have been trained in the same brilliant school of letters. For long months I wondered where the writers of penny and half-penny fiction came from, and suddenly I found the truth. When the "Silly Season" wanes, and ruthless editors will no longer put Suburbia's quivering heart into print, the need for writing continues, though the place of its publication has been closed. The correspondents then settle down to turn their letters into novels; they pour out their hearts and their fancies, and enterprising publishers rush to seize these manuscripts and publish them in the Halfpenny Press by day and night and week to delight thousands whose emotions are very similar to those of the talented authors. Herein lies the secret of our national literary greatness and the largest circulations secured by so many publications.

In spite of the fact that we are grateful to Providence for giving Shakspere to England instead

of any other country, although we preserve his house as a place of pilgrimage—chiefly for the use of American pilgrims—and buy sets of his works for our book-shelves and leave them there, the greatest Elizabethan is not treated as he deserves. We seldom go to see his plays presented, and when we do honour a Shakspere play we regard the visit as a penalty we are paying to culture, and most of us hope that lavish mounting, extravagant dresses, and pretty incidental music will make our burden bearable. And even now we don't feel certain that Shakspere is not an affair of Bacon and ciphers.

To correct our heresies, improve our reading, and do more justice to Avon's bard, the British Empire Shakspere Society has come into flourishing existence and claims attention. Sir Henry Irving, who has done so much for Shakspere, is President of the Society, the Lord Bishop of Ripon and Messrs. George Alexander, Forbes-Robertson, and Lewis Waller are Vice-Presidents, and the Society desires to help the rising generation "not only to study Shakspere's works, but to love them." Lectures, readings, and presentations of entire plays are in the programme of the Society, which, despite its extreme youth, has nearly one thousand members.



AN INTRODUCTION: "'ERE, BILL! MY WIFE'S MOTHER.'

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AMONG the best-selling books at present may be mentioned "Strawberry Leaves," published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. I understand that Mr. John Lane had between four and five thousand orders for "The MS. in a Red Box" before it was published. Some fifteen thousand copies have been sold of Mr. John Oxenham's shilling story, "The Very Short Memory of Mr. John Scorer." Another book for which there is a good and steady demand is "Pigs in Clover."

The death of Miss Horace Smith, of Brighton, in her ninety-second year, removes a remarkable link with the past. Miss Horace Smith was, probably, the last person living who remembered Keats. She is said to have suggested to Thackeray the plot of "Pendennis," and her friendship with Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie) was close to the end. In

conversation, Miss Smith was most communicative and entertaining, but she would not put down her recollections for print. It has long been hoped, however,—that—this would be done for her by Mrs. Ritchie, and I can hardly imagine a more fascinating book than one on Miss Horace Smith by Mrs. Ritchie.

Mr. Israel Gollancz has been appointed Professor of English Literature at King's College, London, in succession to Professor Hales. Mr. Gollancz is University Lecturer at Cambridge, and Secretary of the British Academy, and it is understood that he proposes to retain these posts. Mr. Gollancz is best-known to the general public as the Editor of the "Temple Shakespeare."

The *Athenaeum* article on Mr. Whistler is very able and thoughtful. The writer quaintly expounds the theory of Mr. Whistler's "Ten o'Clock," that pictorial art consisted in the making of agreeable patterns without taking account of the meaning for the imagination of the objects represented by them—that, indeed, the recognition of the objects was not part of the game. The forms presented were to have no meaning beyond their pure sensual quality, and each batch of colour was to be like a single musical note, by grouping which a symphony could be made. This was to cut away at a blow all those methods of appeal that depend on our complex relations to human beings and Nature. It destroyed the humanity of art. As Mr. Swinburne pointed out, the painter himself could not act up to his own theories; in fact, he infringed them flagrantly by expressing in his portrait of his mother a tenderly filial piety which transcends the fact of an arrangement in black and grey. Still, as a rule, he treated his sitters with an almost inhuman detachment.

It is just a hundred years since "Northanger Abbey" was sold for ten pounds to a Bath publisher, who, on reflection, thought it well to keep his purchase in reserve. The occasion has been chosen by a writer in the *Church Quarterly* to take stock of Jane Austen's literary position. He points out the steady growth of her fame. Whereas in 1870 she had but a select circle of readers, in 1900 every man of intellectual pretensions either read her books or apologised that he

had not. The critic points out that one passage in "Pride and Prejudice," correctly printed in both the first and the second editions, is wrong in the subsequent editions. When Mrs. Bennet has been using her fertile imagination to place the Wickhams in every house in the neighbourhood, her husband gives her to understand that she may do as she likes about that, but into one house they shall not go. "I will not encourage the impudence of either by receiving them at Longbourn." So it stands in the early editions, but "impudence" has somehow got transformed into "imprudence" in the later issues, to the manifest injury of the sentence. It is pointed out that, though Jane Austen disliked religious romances, she never jested about religion. She did not spare her clergymen, but she never invaded the spiritual side of their character. Elizabeth Bennet, for instance, spends a good many Sundays at Hunsford. She went to

church, and she must have sat under Mr. Collins. What a temptation to introduce a few epigrammatic sentences about his pompous platitudes! But they are passed over in absolute silence.

Professor Robert Wallace, of the University of Edinburgh, is editing the Autobiography and Correspondence of Eleanor Anne Ormerod, LL.D., Economic Entomologist.

Sir Herbert Maxwell is editing the "Creevey Papers," and they will be published in two volumes by Mr. Murray in the autumn. They are a selection from the diaries and correspondence of Thomas Creevey (1768-1838), sometime M.P. for Thetford and afterwards for Appleby, Secretary to the Board of Control, &c. They deal with all the principal events and characters, social and political, from the close of the eighteenth century to 1838, and they are said to rival in interest the "Greville Memoirs" and the "Croker Papers."

The "Greville Memoirs" are on quite a different level of interest from the "Croker Papers," but the "Croker Papers" are entertaining and valuable in their way, and it will be curious to see Croker's subjects treated from the Liberal side in politics.

O. O.

THE AUTHOR OF "TATTERLEY."

Mr. Tom Gallon is one of the most genial as well as one of the most industrious writers of modern fiction. Still on the sunny side of forty, he was born within sound of Bow Bells, and started life, as have done so many distinguished writers from Dickens onwards, as clerk in an office. He made his first real "hit" with "Tatterley" six years ago, and since then he cannot have had many holidays, for "Tatterley" was quickly followed by ten books and by six plays. The first year of the New Century established his record, for in twelve months he brought out three volumes, including the cleverly named "The Man who Knew Better," and one play. Mr. Gallon is, however, a firm believer in the dictum that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Accordingly, he finds time to be an assiduous playgoer, an expert player of croquet, and a keen and successful amateur photographer.



MR. TOM GALLON, THE POPULAR NOVELIST, AND HIS PRIZE COLLIE "ALI BABA."

FIVE NEW BOOKS.

"THE WRONG ROAD."
By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.
(John Milne. 6s.)

In spite, however, of the murder that figures in it, the plot deals with what may, perhaps, be fittingly termed a crime *de luxe*—a crime, that is to say, in which the motive is more intricate and less commonplace in detail than it is in the majority of cases in which greed of gain holds the predominant position. For this reason, and because Major Arthur Griffiths, in using the well-worn theme which has as its base an attempt to rob an heiress of the rights that belong to her by accident of birth, makes one, at least, of his characters the branch of a distorted and complicated family-tree, the interest is not only persistent, but is progressive. The story, indeed, opens with a rather tedious preamble, but the author speedily makes the *amende honorable*, and, once bickering has yielded place to blackmail, the attention of the reader is never alienated. Of the construction little more remains to be said, save that one might almost imagine that Major Griffiths had, while writing his "veracious history," suddenly realised that his plot was verging on the obvious, and, realising, had promptly doubled on his tracks and diligently begun the laying of false trails. The change in Colonel St. Evelyn and in Mrs. Lelue is quite extraordinary. From the bully, cad, and confidence-trickster who, had he been born in a lower grade of life, would have been manipulating peas under thimbles, or engaged in some other lucrative, skilful, and nefarious pursuit, the Colonel becomes not only an exemplary husband and father, but the "injured innocent" and a hard-working clerk in a booking-office. Mrs. Lelue, on the other hand, develops from the staid and perfect, if ill-tempered, housekeeper into a desperate criminal, with a taste for man's attire, blackmail, murder, arson, and general intrigue. It must, nevertheless, be said that these transformations, unexpected and surprising as they are, add considerably both to the mystery and piquancy of a story that should not fail to gain the measure of popularity attained by its author's previous works of the same nature.

"ALISON HOWARD."
By J. E. RAIT.
(Constable. 6s.)

It is difficult to grasp the object the author of "Alison Howard" has in view. The first chapter, with its dashing dialogue and daring proposals, leads to the belief that one is about to plunge into the midst of a most wicked problem-novel; but Nita Gagliardi and Captain Travers, the tempter, do not meet again until the latter is on his death-bed, and, in the meantime, the reader is left to plod wearily on through much that is tedious. From the theological discussions and the description of the Mother Superior's somewhat unscrupulous methods to win Alison Howard and her fortune for the Roman Church, it then seems as if the book has been written to show up the abuses of the Roman Catholic religion; but suddenly the author is off on yet another tack, and one is soon deep in the woman labour question. Now, had the story been considerably shortened and entirely devoted to Alison Howard and the work she did on behalf of that worst-paid and worst-treated class, the mothers' helps and uncertificated governesses, it would, at least, have possessed the virtue of consecutive narrative, and the ideas it propounds would have been given more prominence, whereas the reader's attention is now frittered away on a host of characters and incidents which fail utterly to arouse interest. The author is most successful in her account of the individualities which comprised "The Home for Failures" in Florence, and in detailing the method of running a cheap school for girls in London to the best advantage, according to the doctrine of the Principal of "Whitefield College." Still, it is undeniable that the trail of the tyro is over it all, and there is but little adherence to any of the rules which go to the making of a cleverly constructed story.

"WAR IN PRACTICE."
By MAJOR BADEN-POWELL.
(Isbister. 5s.)

Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell, the younger brother of the Defender of Mafeking, though he had already seen active service in Egypt and New Guinea, was until comparatively recently best-known as the inventor of man-lifting kites and an intrepid aéronaut. The Boer War gave him his great chance, and in his "War in Practice" he has collected and elaborated the notes made on the field of battle during nearly three years of continuous service, while either engaged with his regiment, the Scots Guards, employed on the Staff, or in command of a mixed force. Major Baden-Powell's book is not a mere tale of his experiences, but a noteworthy and painstaking attempt to deduce practical lessons from the occurrences during the long campaign. "B.-P." himself contributes a short introduction, in which he remarks that "Success in war is the outcome of the three C's—courage, common-sense, and

cunning—yet experience has also a good deal to say in the matter; and no officer, even the *youngest* of us, has so great experience that he may not with advantage supplement it by the experiences of others." Older officers than the class "B.-P." so playfully satirises will find much food for reflection in "War in Practice," which in its seven chapters and Appendix contains instructive hints on Strategy, Attack, Defence, Selection of Ground and Positions, Fortification, Outposts and Protective Screens, Arms and Armaments, and "A Typical Position." Numerous pictures and diagrams illustrate the text, and the young soldier who wishes to succeed in his profession cannot do better than study Major Baden-Powell's book. It is one of the most useful and practical of the many dealing with the Boer War.

"STRAWBERRY LEAVES."
By "A. LEAF."
(Eveléigh Nash. 6s.)

Anonymous fiction is now enjoying a certain measure of favour. "Strawberry Leaves," by "A. Leaf," is a case in point. The story belongs to the same class as "Lady Beatrix and the Forbidden Man," "The Letters of her Mother to Elizabeth," and so on, while, from internal evidence, we should feel inclined to say that this chronicle of "smart" Society was by no means the work of a 'prentice-hand. The story opens with a rather clever description of a great War Bazaar at the Queen's Hall. The author is careful to deal with types rather than with personalities. In this he or she has been well advised, and had the *dramatis persona* been allowed to belong to the circle which is here very adequately described—that is, the outer fringe of real Society; the ignoble fringe which is willing to sell its good names, its good connections, sometimes but more rarely its good breeding, for a substantial consideration—the book would have some value as a picture of modern manners. Unfortunately, all sense of what the French style *vraisemblance* is lost owing to the one simple fact that wearers of the strawberry-leaves do not belong in any sense to the world here described, and have very little more than a nodding acquaintance with it. If "A. Leaf" is indeed connected with a ducal family, he must have drifted quite out of his own class, or he could scarcely have written the following phrase, which he puts into an *ingénue's* mouth: "I have a real vulgar mind, you know, and adore people with titles. My father is only a Baronet, which is so dull." The Duke to whom this remark is addressed naturally hastens to make the young lady his Duchess, and in due course she becomes "A. Leaf's" odious heroine.

"BARBARA LADD."
By G. D. ROBERTS.
(Constable. 6s.)

"Barbara Ladd" is one of the numerous American novels which are now being published simultaneously in London and New York. In addition to many other charming qualities, the story has the somewhat exotic interest which a book written by an American about Americans cannot fail to have for the thoughtful English reader. The author has chosen to place his pretty love-story against the background so dear to all American writers of fiction—of the exciting days when the New World strove, successfully, to cut adrift from the Mother Country, and Mr. Roberts is to be congratulated on his keen, vivid realisation of the eighteenth-century New York and its curious old-world society, which, of course, took its manners, its dress, even its prejudices, from London and the Court of St. James's. Unlike so many historical stories, "Barbara Ladd" is by no means overweighted with history, but readers of Mrs. Atherton's remarkable novel, "The Conqueror," will be pleased with a clever and original glimpse of the youthful Alexander Hamilton. Barbara herself is a delightful heroine, very human, and yet not lacking the conventionalities of her time, country, and class. Perhaps the best character in the book is Barbara Ladd's aunt, Miss Melitable, in every way worthy to be an eighteenth-century forbear of Miss Mary Wilkins's New England heroines.

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"JUST A LITTLE PRESENT FOR THE OLD LADY AT 'OME, SIR!"



OVERHEARD AT EARL'S COURT.

HE : Rather jolly, talkin' and listenin' to the band, don't you think ?
SHE : Yes ; I love music.

A NOVEL
IN
A NUTSHELL.



MISADVENTURE OF
MR. MINKS.

By R. E. VERNÈDE.

TO what dreadful lengths, as the least amorous of Roman poets once remarked, a human heart may be driven by its affections is what this story purports to show. Among other things, that such a dastardly attempt on a man's reason, if not on his life, should have been made at a small Welsh watering-place only proves that the Welsh language is not the wildest thing that may be encountered in Wales. And yet, was it, after all, so dreadful? At least the balm remains, and I, who walk through the world—to continue poetically, though, as a matter of fact, the routine of office-work keeps me for the greater part of the year between Clapham and the City—with Martha (*née* Tupp) by my side, can never grudge to the Philosopher, who made the attempt, his confined promenades in Hanwell.

To cut the matter short, it pleased Fortune that Miss Tupp should visit the same place and the identical hotel which I had selected for my summer retreat and the Philosopher for his. It further pleased Fortune that Miss Tupp's eyes, steadfast behind spectacles (without in any sense being fixed or lacking animation), like the deep waters of a lake behind its glassy surface, should strike fire in the hearts of myself and the Philosopher. If I had known the Philosopher was so affected, things might have been different. Perhaps I ought to have known. He had been a week in her society before I went down; he had been introduced to her, had spoken with her. Certainly I ought to have known. But what will you? A single glance by which I drank in her modest breadth of view, her amiable tolerance, her—if I may say so—rippling sympathy, blinded me to everything except the fact that my destiny was sealed. Her pug-dog, I vowed, should present no obstacle. She was Miss Tupp; it remained for me to make her Mrs. Minks.

It is quite easy to love at first sight, but it is another matter—at least, for a confirmed bachelor of forty—to make love at first sight. The handing of a chair, the passing of the butter, the loan of a magazine, these are simple to contrive; but to indicate by such methods that not only the chair, the butter, or the magazine is being offered, but also a heart and a home, calls for a greater invention.

I am in no way a pushing man, and yet it was but the first morning after my arrival that the eyes of jealousy had perceived the intentions of my gallantry. It was at breakfast in the hotel that I first saw the Philosopher. He entered the room, a small carriage-clock in his hand, just as I had begun to peel my second egg. He sat down opposite me and placed the carriage-clock before him, helping himself to large quantities of marmalade. He was a noticeable figure in every way. Not more than five feet in height, he had a large, oval head underhung with tags of red beard, so that it reminded me of an ostrich-egg with a red fringe. A bald, massive brow receded into a cranium of well-developed bumps, also bald, except that above his left ear there grew a small clump of hairs—an oasis in that macrocephalic wilderness—all the hairs being so long that they stretched, when taut, over the length and breadth of his head, like a system of telegraph-wires. Under the influence of excitement—so I noticed later—the plaster which held them in their places released its grip, and the hairs fell in a long, greasy wisp over his left shoulder. Round, bulgy eyes and a flattened nose assisted in making him, as I have observed, a noticeable man.

He introduced himself to me in a sufficiently extraordinary manner. "Hi!" he said, suddenly, across the table, pointing his spoon at me. "What should you do if an express-train bore suddenly down upon you?"

"Upon my word, sir," I said, dropping my egg, in some alarm, "I—I should—get out of the way."

The Philosopher sniffed in a contemptuous manner and drew a note-book from his pocket.

"Your question," I went on, "was rather sudden. It startled me. But, on the whole, I adhere to my first opinion. I should undoubtedly get out of the way."

"H'm!" said the Philosopher. He wrote rapidly in his note-book, reading aloud as he went—

"Man aged about forty—whiskers, weak chin—evidently comfortable circumstances. Asked him train question. Replied, 'Would get out of the way.' Another instance of the decadence of human nature owing to the absurd value placed on life. No religious satisfaction at idea of death; no aesthetic emotion. Simply, 'Would get out of the way.'"

"You must not mind Mr. Totbank," said Miss Tupp, meeting my eyes across the flower-pots and cruet-stands that stood upon the table. "He is a philosopher and sees everything from an intellectual point of view."

The delicate tact of this remark threw me into raptures.

"I assure you," I said, "nothing would please me more than to be of assistance to such a profound thinker."

Miss Tupp smiled upon me in a gracious way, and the Philosopher, lifting his head from the marmalade, said, in a strident voice—

"What is Time that you esteem it so much—that you would, in fact, 'get out of the way'?"

"Time is good," I said, readily; "at least, one can have a good time. The period, for instance, of courtship."

It seemed to me that a faint flush suffused Miss Tupp's cheek, but the Philosopher only sniffed.

"A fallacy," he said, abruptly, "a jape, a quibble, the excuse of a man-ape bewildering his giddy brain with odious appetites and (his eye fell upon my plate) eggs."

"I had no intention of quibbling," I said, meekly, deferring to his greater knowledge.

"Eggs!" snapped the Philosopher. "Consider Time," he went on, rapping his plate and pointing at the carriage-clock: "in three minutes an egg is boiled—three men are born, three die."

"A solemn thought," I said, "though I must say I do not think an egg can be done properly under three minutes and a-half."

"Bah!" said the Philosopher, angrily.

It was not, perhaps, a very favourable method of opening an acquaintance, but after breakfast the Philosopher proved much more human and conversational. He proposed a walk, and, though I would fain have improved the shining hours with Miss Tupp's company, I consented, for I have the most unmixed admiration for philosophy, and view with the greatest contempt the man who does not permit himself to be amazed.

"I will take you to a cave," he said, his eyes gleaming brightly. "There is nothing like a cave for proving the comparative relations of time and eternity."

"I should think not," I said, agreeably.

"The eye of your soul will be turned," he said. "You will give up eating eggs."

"But if my palate remains intact?" I objected.

"It will not," said the Philosopher, mysteriously. Proud as I was to be in his company, I found the Philosopher as we went a trifle overbearing. Even Plato could not, in the course of an hour's walk over

gorse and brambles, have overthrown the habit of a lifetime, and with me the consumption of eggs was such a habit. Moreover, in the heat of his arguments his cluster of hair fell down, and it may have been due to this, and to the fact that he wore an antique silk-hat and bore his carriage-clock in one hand and a large candle in the other—certainly we were molested on our way by a crowd of sportive village-lads, who asked the Philosopher questions indicative of the vulgar desire to know more of the personal life of a great man.

The Philosopher seemed rather restless under this cross-examination. He jumped about on his toes and shook his fist at them.

"Go away, go away!" he shouted.

"Ain't 'e got nice 'air?" said one of the boys.

"I'll shoot you!" said the Philosopher, bounding with rage.

"Remember the influence of personality," I said, trying to soothe him. "Who knows but that some day one of these lads, so playful, so unthinking, may contribute to the nation some work of philosophic research due in the event to the ambitions your appearance has stirred in his soul? Who knows?"

"No body knows!" said the Professor, testily. "They ought to be hamstrung. If I had the time, I'd stop and do it myself."

But time was plainly scarce with the Philosopher, for he set a pace which soon left the sportive villagers in the rear. We had come out now upon the solitary vastness of the cliff. Seabirds circled above us; the sun pointed towards noon; brambles, growing in luxurious profusion, pinned our legs as we went.

"We must descend," said the Philosopher, as we reached the edge of the cliff.

"Certainly," I said, affably; "it is a picturesque path——"

"Lumpy," remarked the Professor, laconically, as he began the descent.

His procedure reminded me of nothing so much as a wood-louse that, having turned itself into a ball, is set rolling down an inclined plane. I followed in much the same fashion, unwilling to be outstripped. The side of the cliff was steep and covered with loose stones that darted left and right under our animated frames. Far below us lay the patient sea, sunlit and mildly moaning, specked on the horizon with an occasional steam-boat or trail of lingering smoke. Frightened rabbits flew before us, seeking their burrows, and the

rocks at the base, which were covered with serpent-necked cormorants, grew instantly, as it were, a-screech.

"Here we are," said the Philosopher, imperturbably, as we landed almost simultaneously upon our backs in the small cove at the bottom.

"A charming spot," I returned, rubbing my wounded parts.

It was, in its own fashion, a charming spot. A vast cavern gaped in the side of the cliff. The mouth of it, slobbered over with the tricklings of water, was narrow and bearded with lichen and many ferns, but, inside, it seemed to open out into dim labyrinths, from the roofs of which jackdaws fluttered out on glossy wings. The whole place reeked of brine.

"Enter!" said the Philosopher, majestically; and we entered.

As the darkness swallowed us, making me trip on the slippery floor, a feeling of uneasiness came over me.

"It's a charming spot, isn't it?" said the Philosopher in my ear.

"Rather dark," I ventured to suggest.

"The better for my purpose," said the Philosopher. As he paced there, with the lighted candle in his hand, moving into the bowels of the cliff with low mutterings, a feeling of alarm came over me. All round us were great walls of blackness, wet and awful; crusted stalagmites hung, corkscrewed, from the vault above, like implacable barley-sugar. At several points winding tunnels led at queer angles from the main chamber. I shivered involuntarily.

"I fear we shall be late for luncheon," I said; "if we do not return shortly."

"We shall be late," said the Philosopher, leading on.

"But I do not wish to be," I said, stopping.

"You are about to learn the vanity of human wishes," he said.

"What do you mean?" I said, in a startled voice.

"This," he said, turning upon me suddenly with teeth that grinned. "You love Miss Tupp!"

"Who would not?" I said, though a conviction of the awful truth had come over me in that moment.

"You shall not," he snarled.

"You cannot prevent it," I said, boldly.

"He, he!" he laughed, insanely. "I also love divinest Martha. Two cannot have her. Therefore I brought you here. The game is worth the candle, which cost twopence."

"What is the game?" I asked, trying to humour him,



[DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.]

A little hand, that held a little hammer, slipped into mine.

"MISADVENTURE OF MR. MINKS."

"Death, death, death!" he shrieked. "This cave can only be reached at low-water once a fortnight. The bones of the Pleiosaur, that came here for shelter during some panic in the Ice Age, lie here still. On your right, you will see the skeleton of an elk; on your left, the thigh-bone of a Mammoth. A fortnight without food was too much for them. It will be too much for us. We shall eat each other and then die. A fortnight hence, Miss Tupp will come, only to find indistinguishable bones. She will drop a tear, possibly on yours, possibly on the Mammoth's, probably on the Pleiosaur's. Mine shall never be mourned. Ha, ha!"

With a wild yell, he finished his horrible speech. But I had not waited until it should end. Already I was hurrying to the outlet. I had no desire to feed on the Philosopher or to be mistaken for a Pleiosaur. Slipping and stumbling in the darkness, I reached the place where we had entered, but what a difference! A speck of light was all that remained of the outside world, and silently the Atlantic was racing in. The tide had risen!

It has been said of me by those who ought to know that I am inoffensive to the last degree. At least, I may say without undue pride that I have never injured or killed anything in all my life, except a hen which ran between the wheels of my tricycle on one occasion when I had lost control over the machine and was going at a rate of nearly seven miles an hour. Even then, as I explained to the vehement proprietor of the fowl, who wanted ten shillings for its carcase, I was a most unwilling agent and broke several spokes.

Yet in this moment, when the full horror of the situation was revealed, I cannot deny that a lust of battle possessed me. The Philosopher had inveigled me here under false pretences, had mocked me, had threatened to devour me. I would anticipate him. Feeling for my pocket nail-scissors, I sped back over the slimy boulders, burning for the fight. But the Philosopher was gone. Only, in the hollow of a rock, the candle flared sulkily. I called upon him by the name of Totbank, but my challenge was lost upon the reverberating rock. The echoes mocked me—"T'bank, T'bank, T'bank!"

Then, as the conviction grew upon me that the Philosopher had balked me by committing suicide, my valour fled. I sank upon a rock and covered my face with my hands.

What was to be done? A fortnight must be endured in this terrible place without companionship, without food. Companionship I might forego, but food? I rushed at the candle and extinguished it. Here was food of a kind, an inch a day for a week, and then? My boots, of course. I began to unlace them, lest they should get worn on the flinty floor of the cavern, but desisted in a sudden terror of crabs. Then, finding I had no matches, I wished I had not douted the candle, for without a light I dared not explore the tunnels that led yet further into the cliff. In any case, I should not have adventured far along them, for I feared to lose my way in their subterranean depths, in which case by the end of the fortnight I should be unable, even if I survived, to take advantage of the low-tide. Besides, I imagined them to be full of hidden pools, haunted by eyeless, silvery fish, which already, no doubt, had made a staring skeleton out of the Philosopher. So I clung to my place, and chewed the end of the candle, which made me feel very depressed. After that a clear perception of events was denied me.

It might have been days or weeks that I had lain there, babbling deliriously. I awoke in a cold sweat, to feel an octopus sniffing at my toes. Its clammy suckers sent shivers along my spine. I seemed to see its eyes, luminous in the darkness, like stars behind a mist. Even in that dread moment my presence of mind did not desert me. It struck me, as a reminiscence of something I had once read, that it is wisest to humour an octopus, seeing that it goes about its work slowly, overspreading you, before you are sucked down, with a glutinous saliva. Any sudden withdrawal might rouse it to immediate action. So I lay there motionless, cold to the finger-tips. Always the creature sniffed.

"Fido!" said a voice that thrilled delicately about the cavern. At the sound of it, the creature's dank breath removed itself for a moment from my person, and I heard the patter of its feet. A dim wonder beset me that an octopus should thus answer to the name of Fido.

"Come here, you naughty, naughty thing!" said the voice, seeming to issue from one of the tunnels. "What are you sniffing at, Fido?"

The octopus gave a little series of yelps.

My imagination, always susceptible to change, and under this bewildering stress of circumstances peculiarly versatile, took a new turn. This voice must proceed from some marine goddess, an anachronistic mermaid, who had her dwelling in the cavern. The sniffing creature might be a sea-hedgehog. I resolved at once to appeal to the mermaid's softer side.

"Lady of the Seas!" I said, in a hoarse, supplicating voice which did not seem quite to belong to me.

"Good gracious!" said the voice.

"Hear me," I said, feebly, "only hear me!"

"It's a man," said the voice, drawing nearer now.

"I admit it," I said; "I am a man, but I am ready to apologise for it. I had no intention of invading your sacred precincts, quite the contrary; but I was brought here against my will, and, having eaten a candle, I feel ill."

"Poor man!" said the voice, softly.

"Sick at heart," I corrected myself, seized by a sudden inspiration to make love to the mermaid. Is not that the shortest way to a woman's heart; even if she be half a fish?

"At heart," I repeated, and, recalling vaguely the lines of some song I had heard, I went on, "By the bright stars above thee, I love thee—I love thee!"

It is true there were no stars, but a soft sigh escaped from the mermaid's lips and my heart beat high with hope. Then she advanced, a torch in one hand and a small hammer in the other. Beside her trotted a yellow creature, the octopus, the sea-hedgehog—a pug-dog. The scales fell from my eyes.

"Miss Tupp!" I said, frantically, rising from the floor.

"Mr. Minks," she whispered, softly.

"I thought you were a mermaid," I said, unheedingly.

"You did not address those words to me?" she asked, drawing back.

"Oh, yes, yes!" I said, hurriedly, recovering my tact; "I thought it was you. But I thought you were a mermaid too. The mistake was a natural one. One always associates mermaids with—beauty." I permitted my voice to assume the deep tones of admiration.

"But why," she said, bashfully, "are you here?"

"I was brought here by a villain," I said, vehemently; "by the philosopher Totbank. He treacherously left me here with the assurance that it was impossible to get out for a fortnight. He himself, I believe, has perished by suicide."

"Oh, no!" she said. "I saw him only half-an-hour ago going up the side of the cliff."

"What?" I said, amazed.

"Did you not know?" she said. "There is another way out of this cavern by that tunnel on the left."

"I knew it not!" I said, tragically. "And that is the way you entered?"

She nodded.

"You did not come in for luncheon," she said. "I was afraid that, perhaps—something had happened. I heard you arrange to go with Mr. Totbank to see this cavern. I met him returning. He did not seem quite right in his head."

"He loves you," I said.

"Impossible!" she said. "That man!"

"Is it impossible?" I asked, tenderly.

Again she nodded.

"And is it possible," I went on, "that you came to this lonely cavern for my sake, because you feared some harm to me?"

She shook her little hammer playfully.

"I am a geologist," she said; "I have been here before to collect fossils."

"Some of my friends have called me a fossil," I murmured, meaningly.

"But how rude of them!" she said.

"If I might but have the honour of being added to your collection?" I whispered.

There was silence for a moment.

"Martha!" I said.

A little hand, that held a little hammer, slipped into mine. And so, followed by the pug, we walked along the tunnel and out into the open air. By tea-time we had reached the hotel. The Philosopher was eating marmalade.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

B.C.G.



TO those theatre closures already in existence, such as His Majesty's, the Lyric, the St. James's, and the Criterion, there has now to be added the Comedy, where Mr. Lewis Waller's highly successful season with "Monsieur Beaucaire" finished a night or two ago. Mr. Waller will now take a short (and, as the theatrical papers always say, "well-deserved") rest prior to starting a provincial tour. On this tour, Mr. Waller will, I am informed, not only present "Monsieur Beaucaire," but he will also try—either at Liverpool or Manchester—the Poet Davidson's long talked-of newadaptation of "Ruy Blas."

In this new version, Mr. Waller, of course, impersonates the "lackey - hero" in which that late great romantic actor, Charles Fechter, was wont to thrill many of us playgoers from the early 'sixties up to the mid-'seventies. Soon after that, this fine foreign actor—so long the "glass of fashion and the mould of form"—died a mere bloated mass of humanity whose coffin was so broad that it had to be let down from an upper window.

MR. HERBERT DARNLEY,

THE AUTHOR AND COMPOSER OF MANY OF DAN LENO'S SONGS.
(SEE PAGE 106.)

Photograph by Marion and Co., Bradford.

I am not sure whether the author of "Glittering Gloria," namely, Mr. Hugh Morton, is pleased or otherwise at the promising outlook as regards the "returns" for this somewhat furious farce. I say this because I happen to know that Mr. Morton, repenting doubtless of his youthful frivolity in writing the libretto of "The Belle of New York," was anxious that "Glittering Gloria" should not be produced—at all events, not just now. Mr. Morton (who is brother of Mr. George McLellan, the American manager now in our midst) parted, some time ago, with certain rights in "Glittering Gloria" to Messrs. Greet and Engelbach, who transferred the play to Mr. Curzon. Since then, however, Mr. Morton has penned sundry dramas of more or less tragic import, and he seems to be under the impression that the public, to say nothing of the Press, are ever apt to regard with suspicion the serious work of any hitherto comic writer.

Mr. Hugh Morton's fear in this connection has, of course, no foundation in fact. Providing that the serious work of any poet or playwright be equal to his hitherto approved comic output, both public and Press are ever ready to give it welcome. Instances of this welcome to both forms of literary enterprise may be found in the works of certain authors, from Thomas Hood down to Arthur Wing Pinero, both of whom started with the most extravagant of humorous attempts, and anon merged into the pathetic and tragic—as all true humorists are able to do.

Another clever humorous playwright who swerved aside to the serious, *pro tem.*, is Mr. Richard Ganthon, the author of that delightful comedy, "A Message from Mars." He attempted the extremely serious vein with regard to his last-produced play, "The Prophecy." Now, however, he has just confided to me that he has completed a play couched in what may be called the semi-satiric mould. This play appears to partake of the character of that elaborate satire of Mr. Gilbert's, which, over thirty years ago at the Olympic, he produced under the guise of a Tennysonian travestie called "The Princess," and afterwards developed

into the Savoy comic opera entitled "Princess Ida." In short, Mr. Ganthon's play of this kind deals so extensively—not to say peculiarly—with "The Eternal Feminine," that he, at present, calls it "She Land." I have good reason, however, to believe that this somewhat pantomimic title will be changed.

The second new play by the author of "A Message from Mars" is entitled "Baroness Bounty."

Mr. Martin Harvey, again writing me from his delightful Sheringham holiday haunt, asks me to state that the grand "Romeo and Juliet" venture, which he requested me to mention to *Sketch* readers the other day, cannot be given by him until his return from his next American tour. He will then give us his idea of Romeo, not in the provinces first, but in London. In the meantime Mr. Harvey is heartily enjoying himself on the Norfolk coast, thinking out his character for his forthcoming tours in the British Isles and through the American continent.

Another and even more important actor-manager who is again about to seek the suffrages of our American cousins is Sir Henry Irving. After a short tour around a few principal British towns, he will proceed to America. Sir Henry's principal "bookings" on that great continent are, I find, as follows: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Montauk, Toronto, Montreal, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Harlem, Cleveland, &c., extending from next October to the following March. On his return, Sir Henry may go on a short suburban tour prior to reappearing in London, haply at Drury Lane.

Those who are in the habit of complaining—not altogether without foundation—of the lack of intellectual fare in our music-halls (or "Theatres of Variety," as they are now named) are hereby requested to take heart of grace. Shakspere is, I find, about to be largely patronised by our Variety folk. Already "Hamlet," "King John," and "The Merchant of Venice" are being given in twenty-minute tabloid form, and now I learn of impending condensations of "Macbeth," "Othello," and "Richard the Third." Indeed, a playlet based upon the last-named tragedy and entitled "A Scarlet Crown," and constructed in six scenes, is this very week being played at that cheap "two-houses-a-night" theatre, Sadler's Wells.

Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford gave at their own house in Hampstead for the first time the other day Madame Liza Lehmann's "Songs of Love and Spring," a song-cycle for two voices with pianoforte accompaniment, the verses of which have been translated from the German by Mr. A. P. Graves. The cycle is in Madame Lehmann's very best manner; delicate, melodious, untinged with commonplace, fanciful, and exquisite. That these songs were extremely well sung scarcely needs emphasising.



A CLEVER ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO "MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, GARRICK THEATRE, CHARING CROSS, LONDON."

KEY-NOTES

THE opera season is over; for good or for the other thing, it has been gathered decently to the historical tomb of its predecessors. In many respects this has been a season of unique excellence. Socially, it has been brilliant; artistically, it has been not unenterprising, and one hears rumours that financially it has satisfied even the powers that rule at Covent Garden. On the whole, the new-comers have not been, if one makes one or two exceptions, of so nationally important a character as to arouse very keen expectations of their future; one of those exceptions is, of course, Signor Bonci, who in pure Italian opera has proved himself to be admirable as an actor, spontaneous as a singer, and in every respect, by training, a finished and vital artist.

It would be a dreary task to make a retrospect of every detail which has given character to the season now decently laid to rest. Melba, of course, has scored her usual triumphs, even though she seems to persist in those elder rôles with which she has for long identified herself. Her point of view is a not unnatural one; she may be regarded as one who questions the necessity of learning further parts and of encountering possible failures when she knows perfectly well that, within the circle of her choice, the public is bound to flock to hear her, no matter whether she be Juliette, Marguerite, or Mimi.

Yet one cannot help thinking that vocal possibilities so glorious should now and then be occupied in the interpretation of something new, of something fresh, to which the public would naturally be drawn on that particular count, even though such a policy did not involve the labour of learning a Wagnerian opera or of doing something entirely modern. Melba, however, knows her business best, and, apart from this incidental matter, it is assuredly not for any writer to complain of the most effective beauty of her voice.

We heard a great deal, before the opera season began, about the revivals of Mozart's works which were to occupy the attention of the Syndicate. It is true that "Don Giovanni" has been very elaborately staged, and that the new scenery for that work is extremely beautiful; but with "Don Giovanni" the tale of Mozart's productions at Covent Garden is completed. We have not even heard "Le Nozze di Figaro." Such a matter the critic cannot help regarding with a certain amount of hostile sentiment; a Management which thought it worth while to mount such dead-and-gone stuff as "La Favorita" could surely have given some attention to the undying operatic works of a master infinitely greater than Donizetti. Of Gluck we had nothing; this, again, seems to be something of a pity, for even a revival of "Orfeo" would have to some extent redeemed the unclassical standpoint for which modern Opera Houses (very much including Covent Garden) are notorious.



MISS MILLIE LEGARDE, WHO SINGS VERY DAINTILY IN "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S,"
AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

A critic the other day ventured to assert that "Don Giovanni" "does not wear well." Such a critic can only be compared with that other famous person who averred that Mozart was "just a little *passe*," for Mozart never grows old, never grows stale, inasmuch as he has appeared to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. The same words can by no means be applied to Miss Ethel Smyth's "Der Wald," given with a good deal of applause for the first time in England last year at Covent Garden. Emphatically, "Der Wald" does not "wear well"; in an incredibly short space of time its musical construction and its musical inspiration seem to have become dimmed and deadened. It is sad to note such a fact, but the truth of it cannot really be doubted.

Calvé has, of course, swept things before her in her customary and imperious way. Her Marguerite this year has been a little more subdued and conventional in general design than it was last year, but in detail it remains as curious, as teasing, and as intelligent a conception as ever. Of her part in M. Missa's "Maguelone" mention has already been made recently in these columns. Madame Suzanne Adams, Mdlle. Pacquot, and Miss Mary Garden must also receive particular mention in a brief summary; they all are possessors of charming personalities, and have altogether justified the choice and trust of the Syndicate. Among other names one must recall M. Alvarez, whose passionate acting and splendid vocal achievement contributed largely to the artistic success of the season, even though at times it was observable that his sense of pitch was not always to be relied upon. M. Van Dyck, M. Salignac, and M. Seveilhac, with other very worthy singers, contributed to keep up the average merit of the various performances as they passed night by night in order.

It would be otiose to do more than recall such events as the Gala Night or as the elaborate production of Wagner's "Ring" with which the season opened; it suffices to say that each of these matters, of course, contributed very materially towards the success of the past three months at Covent Garden. Meanwhile, one name must inevitably be selected for especial and particular praise—that of Mr. Neil Forsyth, whose unfailing energy contributed so much to the personal comfort of opera-goers; his decoration by President Loubet gave all his friends particular satisfaction.

COMMON CHORD.



Mr. Walter Long on the Law—Police Evidence—Unknown Country—Accumulators.

THE President of the Local Government Board, the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P., has replied to the resolution of the Central Chamber of Commerce in no uncertain terms. The Chamber passed a resolution to the effect that any Bill regulating motor traffic must not be accepted as satisfactory unless the speed-limit be generally defined. They further forwarded a copy of the resolution to the offices of the Local Government Board, and, pausing for a reply—got it. Mr. Long does not agree with the "three C.'s" by any manner of means; he realises that the present speed-limit does not constitute any effective protection to the ordinary users of the road, but rather distracts the attention both of the police and the motorists from the vital question, namely, the safety of the public. In other words, hounded on by prejudiced persons in authority and keen on gaining cheaply a shallow reputation for zeal, the police have neglected their proper duties, in populated portions of the territories over which they are presumed to keep watch and ward, to sally forth into lonely,

at all times run the risk of finding ourselves cited, without any previous intimation, to appear in some hole-and-corner district for having broken the law, and shall further find ourselves liable to be heavily fined, or, indeed, imprisoned, upon the unsupported evidence of a constable we have never clapped eyes on before, then; indeed, we shall have been turned out of the frying-pan into the fire, and our last state will be several thousand times worse than our first. The closest possible attention must be given to this possibility of the Bill, as well as to the question of appeal, by our friends in the House of Commons.

The sad and perfectly avoidable accident which took place down Sunrising Hill the day after the Midland Automobile Club had held their hill-climbing trials thereon, and which resulted in the death of two of the occupants of the runaway car, should stand as a warning to all, and particularly to those touring strange country, as the occupants of this ill-fated carriage were doing. By the use of the "C. T. C."



[DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.]

OVERHEARD ON BANK HOLIDAY.

MOTORIST: Dear, dear! I've got some sand in my carburettor!
'ARRIET: Pore feller! 'E oughter take a drop o' brandy fer it.

uninhabited districts, there to lay measured traps on downhill stretches of road, and subsequently swear to impossible speeds, their conclusion having been arrived at through unreliable instruments used in an absurd and laughter-provoking manner by entirely unskilled individuals. "The law has been brought into contempt," writes Mr. Long, and he writes truly indeed. The President of the Local Government Board hopes, by abolishing this limit and making the motor-driver responsible for reckless driving, to greatly amend the matter.

Apart altogether from the questions of fines, numbering, licensing, and what not, the fact that driving to the public danger under the obtaining circumstances must be proved should not be lost sight of by those who will strike a blow for the preservation of the automobilist from sheer tyranny when the Bill comes to the Commons. Bearing in mind that charges will be heard before Benches of Magistrates who already have shown in so many cases that their old-world prejudices altogether out-gallop their sense of even-handed justice, cases must not be sustained upon the word of police-officers alone. They are supremely interested in obtaining convictions to justify themselves, and the verdict must not go against the automobilist unless reliable testimony can be produced by the prosecution to show that the automobilist was offending against the spirit of the law. If the measure does not provide for this, but that, when numbered, we shall

Route Books, or, better still, Messrs. Gale and Inglis's beautifully prepared Contour Road-books, the individual in charge of the car can, if gifted with an average amount of intelligence, make himself acquainted with the nature of the country over which he will drive day after day, and become informed of the character and the whereabouts of all the dangerous descents he is likely to encounter. So far as Sunrising Hill goes, no further warning that the greatest care must be exercised is needed than the first view of the country from the summit. It is clear to anyone from that, that a considerable descent is about to be made, and adequate precaution is thereby suggested. The very first fifty yards of the fall makes it evident that the vehicle must not be allowed to get out of hand for a moment, so it is only fair to assume that some brake-failure took place and brought about the above-mentioned regrettable catastrophe.

Those who look after their own cars seldom give enough attention to their accumulators. In the first place, they generally work them too long, paying no regard to the reiterated advice of the text-books that they should no longer be drawn upon for current after they have ceased to show three volts upon the volt-meter, an instrument which is much too infrequently used. It is well, too, to give our accumulators refreshing charges from time to time, even though they are not run down, for the life of the cells is prolonged by being kept fully charged.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Futures—Goodwood—Greys—Treats—Effervescence.

NOTHING could be more diverse than the first and second weeks of the Sussex fortnight; yet a large number of racing-men "do" the three meetings that go to make up the two weeks' sport near the sea. If Brighton and Lewes lack the sylvan beauty of Goodwood, for compensation there is a glorious, invigorating breeze always blowing across the South Downs, bringing a feeling of health and vigour that no money can buy. On the last day of the Brighton meeting, the Cliftonville Plate should be won by Mr. L. de Rothschild's selected—Quisisana, or Catgut, or Herony. At Lewes, in the old-fashioned Astley Stakes, Mr. Leonard Brassey has a chance of repeating with Merryman the victory achieved by his colt Arabi last year. Robert le Diable, now that he has taken to picking up unconsidered trifles in the way of small stakes, ought to have no difficulty in winning the Nevill Welter Plate. The Priory Stakes may be won by Sir J. B. Maple's Newsboy. At Kempton Park, the Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes may fall to Ireland, and the City of London Breeders' Plate to Uninsured.

The weather at Goodwood on Stewards' Cup day was of the most miserable description. Scarcely anything could be seen of the Cup race from the Stands owing to the rain and the dense vapour which enveloped the course. Form came badly undone, for Mr. Prentice's Dumbarton Castle, with Madden up, won in a canter, Sir J. Blundell Maple's Nabot being second, with Le Blizion third and Sundridge fourth. The winner is a son of Wolf's Crag, and had run only twice before this season, on each occasion making a very poor show.

The victory Bass Rock narrowly achieved over Irish Gal at Liverpool the other day set me musing on the fate that seems to pursue the majority of grey horses, and I could not help asking myself whether Bass Rock was deteriorating or whether Irish Gal was underrated. Seeing that the latter was allowed to start at forlorn odds in a small field, the astute Captain Bewicke must have thought he had no chance of beating the grey colt, yet his filly was beaten only by a head. The sire of Bass Rock, Grey Leg, was one of the best greys that ever faced a starter, and certainly the proverbial bad luck of his tribe was absent when Seth Chandley on Xury left the rails sufficiently far for Bradford to rush through and score a very lucky win in the City and Suburban. The Duke of Devonshire used to own a grey horse, Oatlands, who played the part of hare before hounds in the Wokingham Stakes some years ago, but after that the horse went to the bad. Greys who must have raced in public for more than ten years were Quilon and Champion, who won innumerable races and were nearly white when last seen. Two very useful greys now in training are Nabot

and Mat Salleh. That Nabot ought to have won the Cambridgeshire is the opinion of nearly all who saw the race. Did he lose it because he was a grey?

Racing-men are nothing if not charitable. They are ever ready to help the lame dog over the stile, and it is only to ask to receive as far as the majority of racegoers are concerned.

I have a little suggestion to make which I hope will be taken in good part by those concerned. I think the racecourses at Sandown Park, Kempton Park, and Hurst Park might at times be offered free gratis and for nothing for school-treats and outings for the little waifs and strays of London Town. These parks are delightful places to romp about in, and the youngsters would, I feel certain, highly appreciate an afternoon spent, say, at Kempton, where the surroundings are of Nature's best. The catering might easily be arranged for, and many philanthropists would be only too glad to provide the amusements. I should dearly like to see ten thousand children assembled in either of the parks named. There would be room for them all, and the railway arrangements are such that the journey to and from London could be covered without a hitch.

I have noticed of late many racegoers wearing goggles to relieve the eyes, and I take it that motoring has had a good deal to do with the weakness. I advise those whose duty it is to describe horse-races to keep off motors, and I am not so sure that jockeys should ever be allowed to motor. It is, no doubt, an agreeable change from horse-riding to whirl along the public highway on a fast motor, but it is not the form of exercise calculated to brace up the nerves, and time may tell that motoring is calculated to make good jockeys into bad ones. I notice with very great pleasure that our successful speculators bar the motor. They walk whenever it is possible, and, at any rate, draw the line at the cab and the tram. The

young bloods who suffer from nerves seldom do any good on the Turf. Their innings is short and merry, but, as a rule, it is terribly expensive. Effervescence is of little or no avail at racing. Coolness does the trick.

CAPTAIN COE.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Forty-two (from April 22 to July 15, 1903) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHION forecasts continue to be cheerily optimistic. Delightful airy-fairynesses of colour and material are weekly put forth as appropriate late-summer wearables, deluging downpours, doleful meteorological reports, swamped countrysides, and Boreas more than ever blustering at the seaside being gaily ignored, as if



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A SMART TAILOR-MADE COSTUME OF BLUE CLOTH.

such things were not and could not be. A correspondent indites two pages of grumbles from a Yorkshire watering-place, and adds that it is nothing less than cruelty for us chroniclers of *la Mode* as she should be to send forth suggestions for dainty bathing-suits, flower-crowned autumn millinery, and other flummery, when the sea is only possible to life-boats or Atlantic liners, "and the heavens are telling rain-drops as big as broad-beans." A picture of seaside sorrow enough to melt the heart of the most inveterate inventor! But, then, composers in chiffon have no hearts. They have only brains—of extraordinary restlessness. Among the latest developments therefrom that have been sprung on feminine attention are the smart autumn coats of thick silk—the sort known as peau-de-soie—which are profusely embroidered in ribbon-work, sometimes in the tone of grey dove or fawn of which the coat is made, more often of flower-wreathlets or trails done in the most exquisite natural colours. Capes, and all the members of that family which come under the heading of capelets, capelines, fichus, pelerines, and so on, are also in for a great revival this autumn. The shoulders droop away more than ever in all new garments. Millinery remains flat in the suburbs and flattest in the centres of fashion. Fringes of all depths, cords, tassels, buttons, and all the confused paraphernalia of the outdoor "visite" of the 'forties have been re-introduced, added to, improved upon, and now, as the *Daily Mail* has been quick to observe, the long ear-rings of "the bottle-neck period" are also being gradually revived. But if the girl of this coming season is to reproduce her great-grandmother, it will be as a very improved and *chic* edition of those guileless damsels of other summers. We have learnt the art of exquisite *détail* to its last letter nowadays, and could no more be guilty of the atrocities that disfigured our

great-aunts' girlhood than we could fly. The white cotton stocking is replaced by lace-like hosiery of silk; the graceless boot of low-cut custom and elastic-side issue by *chaussures* of elegant outline, well-cut and daintily shaped. The one-button glove of shiny kid, the ponderous jewellery, the hair bracelet, the mourning-ring, the egg-plate brooch, the cable chains—but why enumerate the long list of uglinesses? We have changed all that very completely, and though mode-makers may take us back to an unpicturesque period for our fashions, the artistic spirit of these times will invest it doubtless with graces of which it was originally quite innocent.

Returning to millinery for a moment, the Parisians are voting it a fruit season almost to the exclusion of all other trimmings. Strawberries, raspberries, the always decorative cherry, currants, together with berries and nuts of all kinds, trim the modish hat, while so far has the craze for fruit been followed up that buttons simulating all possible sorts are being introduced on autumn costumes, with buckles and parasol-handles *en suite*. The effect of a dark-red frock with cherries or strawberries acting the part of buttons should be inviting, and blue serge with bilberries or cream cloth with white currants sounds a very possible sequence.

The Parisian Diamond Company, ever well in fashion's front, provides us with an object-lesson in the most approved form of modish jewellery this week. As will be seen, the pendent ear-ring of forthcoming fashion is largely in evidence. More perfect simulations of the veritable jewels than the pair of pear-shaped emeralds and diamonds it would be impossible to find. Of the long-shaped pearls now so much in request for hair-ornaments, pendants, and ear-rings the Parisian Diamond Company have a unique collection. For colour, lustre, and weight, the three essentials of the real pearl, their productions are unapproachable; while, as a neck-ornament, could anything be more attractive than the pear-shaped diamond swinging from its slender chain of platinum? A pair of square-cut emerald and diamond ear-rings, also illustrated, equal in pure colour, form, and

[Copyright.]
A HANDSOME OPERA-CLOAK TRIMMED WITH BLACK LACE.

setting some costly Indian stones of which they are copies, and such clever ones that it would take an expert of some profundity to discern one from the other. How much wiser, when women are



PEARL AND DIAMOND
EAR-RINGS.

EMERALD AND DIAMOND
EAR-RINGS.

PLATINUM CHAIN, EMERALD AND DIAMOND PENDANT.

NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

moving about at this time of year from one country-house to another, if they would leave heirlooms at the bank and use the wonderful jewels of the Parisian Diamond Company instead!

And, apropos of change and travel, how necessary it now becomes

to stock our dressing-bags with the wherewithal toward off attacks of sun, wind, and weather at this seaside and Spa season! Mrs. Pomeroy, who works so hard in the cause of complexion, has three specifics which she pronounces perfection, and forwards to any address in the kingdom upon receipt of three-and-sixpence each, post-free. They are the "Pomeroy Skin Food," "Liquid Powder," and "Eau-de-Vatican" — a new wash with a new name; but the ladies who enter the Vatican for audience with the Pope wear black veils over their faces, the ceremonial being more of a religious than worldly character. The "Pomeroy Skin Food" will be found a very useful accompaniment to

the cycling, tennis-playing, and golfing girl. It cleanses and soothes, which is, no doubt, the first duty of a skin-food, and its addresses are 29, Old Bond Street; Bold Street, Liverpool; and Grafton Street, Dublin, variously.

Yet again another niche in the month's travelling paraphernalia should be found for the indispensable and always refreshing "Florida Water" of one's earliest acquaintance, which never loses our grateful appreciation of its unique qualities. Nothing is more delicious to the travel-weary eyes and senses generally than an application of "Florida Water." It relieves headache, and makes even a long train-journey bearable. Murray and Lanman of New York are the proprietors, and the water is prepared only by Lanman and Kemp, so the "original and only" recipe is easily recognised. There is a refreshing and delicious pungency about "Florida Water" quite peculiar to that perfume, and one, moreover, that no other scent has quite attained.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRANCES (Newcastle).—I fear the only way to clean your silver braid is with bread-crumb, unless it is real silver; then Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia mixed with water will clean it perfectly. For all metals or jewellery (unless lacquered, of course) this invaluable preparation is first-rate and gives a bright polish without any trouble.

SUBALTERN (Dublin).—I do not know whether you are very guileless or trying to be very funny; but I will give you the benefit of the doubt and some advice as well—which is, to take your inquiries to the senior Major. He will, I have little doubt, settle yours!

FILETTE (Scarborough).—You could only become known and "create a market" by sending samples of your embroideries to the best shops. The idea is excellent and may become popular; but then imitators would spring up, and you cannot, I fear, patent it.

SYBIL.

THE EVOLUTION OF A POPULAR SONG.

MANY a song that has become the "rage" has owed its origin to nothing more profound than a chance observation made by somebody to somebody else, the "gag" of a pantomime comedian or the passing remark of a bus-driver. For instance, that classic of Marie Lloyd's, "Wink the Other Eye," originated in such a manner. A party of music-hall "stars" had been indulging in a private musical evening—a little reunion of professional friends—and at the piano presided that master of popular melody, George Le Brunn. He had been kept hard at it the whole time, and as the hour grew late, or perchance early, he announced to the company assembled that for him sufficient for the night was the music thereof, and that he intended to "give the ivories a rest." Whereupon Marie the irrepressible and the ever-effervescent begged for just one more dance, at the same time winking her eye in that incomparable manner in which this brilliant comédienne has no equal, either on or off the "boards." Smiling indulgently, said Le Brunn, "Wink the other eye!" And having said it, he instantly and instinctively realised that he had made something more than a passing observation. "Why," he added, "that's a good title for a song!" and—well, the sequel is well known.

And this brings me to an interesting point. An it please you, I would claim your attentive indulgence for a little Romance of Real Life (capitals, please). The hero of it is one Bennett Scott, a successful song-writer and composer, and the scene the prosaic premises of Francis, Day, and Hunter, in the Charing Cross Road. The period is a year or so anterior to the penning of these words. At that time, Scott, you must know, had scored many successes in songs, but in spite of this he was dissatisfied with his achievements, and, like Alexander of renown, he was sighing for fresh lands to conquer. He at length decided to invade South Africa, and sought an interview with his publisher, Mr. Day, in order to acquaint him with his intentions. During the conversation which ensued, Scott made use of the following now memorable words, "Yes; I've made up my mind to sail away."

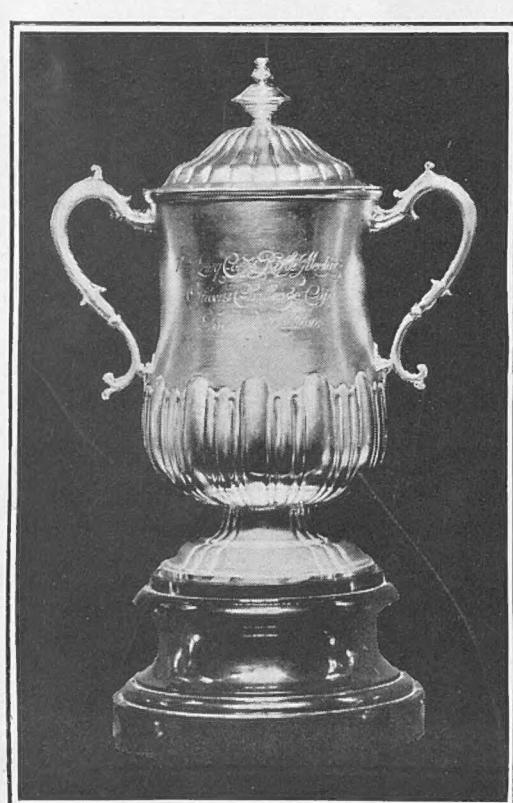
"Ah!" said Mr. Day, thoughtfully; "made up your mind to sail away, have you? Well, there's a very good title for a song: 'I've Made Up my Mind to Sail Away.'"

"By Jove," exclaimed Scott, "so there is!"

Back home he went at top-speed, possessed with the idea, and dashed it off, also at top-speed. Back again to Charing Cross Road, when it was "fair copied"—so badly was it written, indeed, that the copyist interpreted the title, "I Know Where They're Giving Ale Away"—and tried over. Happened to be present Tom Costello, who was at once struck with the melody and agreed to sing it. He did so the same night at the Metropolitan Music Hall, and it was an instantaneous success, there being about half-a-dozen encores. Perceiving that it was a good thing, Costello decided to "push it along," so had a march composed on it to "play the people out." Instead of doing this, however, it was liked so much that it kept them in, and the audience had to be almost forcibly ejected.

The sequel is simple and a matter of current history. Bennett Scott did not sail away, but the song did; in fact, it went, and is still going, like an epidemic through the United Kingdom, even ravaging the British dominions overseas. Thus with lightning rapidity does a popular song "go" that really "catches on."

The final stage in the evolution of a popular song is worse than the first, namely, when it drops altogether out of public favour and is consigned to the shelf as stock, eventually to become a relic. But this may not happen for many years.



THE OFFICERS' CHALLENGE CUP FOR THE
1ST ARMY CORPS RIFLE MEETING, 1903.

Designed and Made by Messrs. Hamilton and Co., of
202, Regent Street, W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 11.

GENERAL GLOOM.

THE gloomy state of the New York markets has created, or, at least, helped to create, a miserable condition of affairs in Capel Court, which has resulted in four failures, only one, however, of much importance. The public seems determined neither to accept 3 per cent. with the safety of Municipal or Colonial guarantees, nor high rates of prospective profits with the risk of mining gambles or even industrial risks. If the outcome is that our Municipalities and Colonies are reduced to apply for money on the reasonable basis of 4 per cent., the present state of affairs will not be without its corresponding advantages. The glut of money seeking investment in the last year of the nineteenth century, fostered extravagance, and excessive borrowings, forced sound investments like Home Railways to preposterous prices, and made even City Editors believe that "money to lend" was, and would for ever be, worth very little. The road back to a more reasonable frame of mind, as to what borrowers ought to pay for accommodation, is long and bitter, but if it leads to sounder views as to the value of money, to a state of affairs in which Colonial treasurers and socialistic Municipalities have to count the cost of extravagance on a 4 per cent. basis, and Railway directors realise that their shareholders will not find fresh capital except on reasonable terms, it will, in the end, be better for the general community—certainly for the middle-class investor.

NORTH MOUNT LYELL.

The way in which the amalgamation of the Mount Lyell Companies is being engineered, certainly does not reflect much credit on the directors of the North Mount Lyell Company. The terms they obtained from the more powerful Company are far worse than could have been got a few months ago, and to get even these bad terms £10,000 has to be given to a certain broker. Sooner than lose the deal, the shareholders swallowed this rather bitter pill, but now it appears that a further £5000 is to go into the same gentleman's pocket by a side-wind. Some months ago, £20,000 was lent by this gentleman to the North Mount Lyell Company, upon terms that he might get shares for his money at 25s. each within six months, and that, if the shareholders would not increase the capital so as to give him the shares, the Company would repay the money with a bonus of £5000. The option has run some months, and the shares are not worth "calling," so that, if the matter was permitted to complete its course, the money would only have to be repaid with interest. So anxious are the North Mount Lyell directors to secure the bonus for their creditor that they insist on an immediate liquidation, which will have the effect of making the carrying out of the agreement impossible, and so enabling the creditor to demand the penalty. When this is pointed out at the meeting called to liquidate instead of adjourning for the time necessary to save the Company's money, the Board endeavour, by means of a poll, to force the reluctant shareholders into this senseless waste.

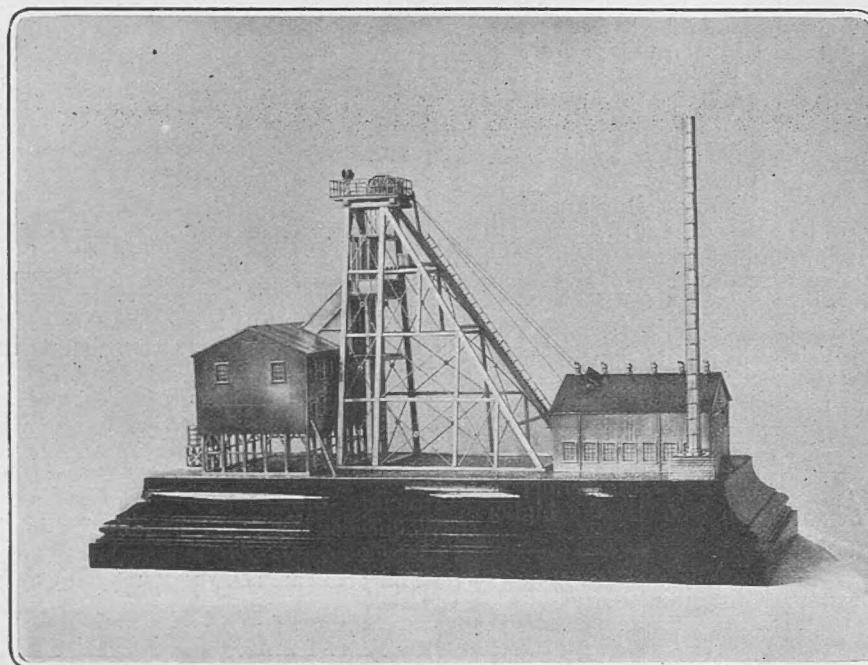
We hear the legality of the poll is to be contested, but if the directors had the interests of the shareholders at heart there would be no need for legal proceedings.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

We this week give a reproduction of an interesting photograph representing the silver working-model of the shaft-head of the Robinson South Gold-mine, manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb for Mr. J. B. Robinson, and intended by him for presentation to the West Rand Gold Mines. The model shows the search-light erected by the military authorities and used during the late War.

THE PSYCHICAL FINANCE SOCIETY.—SÉANCE NO. 3.

If we rightly remember, it was about Easter-time when we last met you in the gloaming outside the Stock Exchange, and guided your steps up to the haunt of our mysterious enchanter who pronounces his oracles of finance through the agency of a gleaming crystal ball. By all means come again this evening: we are thitherward bound ourselves. The streets and courts are quite deserted, and the door of the "Thieves' Kitchen" has never a single living statue to support it.



SILVER MODEL SHAFT-HEAD OF THE ROBINSON SOUTH GOLD-MINE.

"Will there be war between Russia and Japan?" an inquirer quietly asks.

The darkness remains opaque as ever. "Put the question another way," whispers the inquirer's neighbour; "this is only financial, you know."

"Are Japanese bonds cheap or dear?" is the question differently propounded.

With a flash, the crystal blazes forth, and the familiar letters of burning gold are visible for a full minute—

—*Japan Bonds are a sound speculative investment on their fall. They may have to be kept.*—

"Saving clause, that last," mutters a member. "How about Russian Fours?" he asks, in a louder tone.

—*Russian Fours will remain a favourite in France for a generation.*—

"There's a tip for your investment clients," whispers another member.

"Which will recover first—Colonial Stocks or Foreign Bonds?" you, our friend, are emboldened to ask, perhaps wondering if the questions and answers are all pre-arranged and anxious to try an independent investigation. The suspicion is lulled in a trice—

—*Colonial Stocks should be avoided for the present. Japanese and Argentine Bonds will have the first advance.*—

Three voices rise clamant with questions; but, as of old, the crystal oracle is dark except to single queries. A deep bass takes advantage of the sequent silence—

"Can Westralians be bought yet?"

—*Steer clear of all things West Australian,*—flashes the reply, evoking a low murmur of assent, through which one further question makes its way—

"Or West Africans?"

And again comes the instant answer—

—*It is preferable to buy the best-class Kaffirs.*—

"But it is weary work waiting for the Kaffir revival," the former voice objects. "Shall we ever see Chinese labour introduced?"

The deep silence and quietude of the usually bustling scene, sun-splashed so grotesquely but a few hours earlier, is in itself an invitation to meditation, and the impatient van that wakes the sleeping echoes as the driver takes a short-cut down Throgmorton Street arouses a like impatience in one's mind at the rude disturbance. Again the silence gradually deepens, and round here, at the back of all things, the twilight reigns supremely somnolent. Mind your foot upon the worm-eaten stairs, and—yes, it is safer to carry the silk-hat in one's hand. The customary little ceremonial of entrance as before, and we again stand within the small square chamber.

So far, only about half-a-dozen other men have put in an appearance. Two, at least, are strangers, and are examining the maps upon the walls with a curious interest. Not even the writing-room of the Stock Exchange itself can boast finer maps than these, although here they are outspread upon the walls and do not roll up with a snap like those in the House. It is educational to mark the splendid sweep of the Grand Trunk of Canada Railway. Knowing what we do of the Company's finances, it is a useful supplement to the acquaintance with the Grand Trunk to mark its position. The Second Preference stock at a little under par looks still more a fine 5 per cent. investment in the visible proof of what districts and corn-belts it is serving. Or look at this map showing the Argentine Railways and see the area traversed by the Buenos Ayres and Rosario. The embargo placed upon the importation of live cattle at European ports cannot affect to any extent a line which has an opening to the coast, to which the meat is bound to be carried, either dead or alive: which, it does not much signify to the receipts of the Railway Companies, and the bountiful traffics are irresistible.

But now there are more present and the chairs are gradually filling. A silver-toned chime strikes the hour very softly, and, at the signal, those who are standing seek their appointed places. The last has just seated himself when the pale light in the room fades away and the darkness is as of Egypt, a darkness that may be felt. On a sudden the familiar crystal globe burns brilliant in our midst, its dead-white unrelieved by any rays, self-centred, almost uncanny in its fierce white depth of light. A moment thus, and then the rehearsal, as it were, being over, one hears the chairs drawn a little closer towards the centre of the room.

and Japan?" an inquirer

—Yes,—comes the clearly lit response—*permission will be granted within a year.*—

“Cold comfort,” observes an undertone; then, louder, “Where shall the speculator make money?”

—*In buying American Railroad shares that are above the line of gambling counters.*—

“They all say that,” we hear you softly whisper. “I wish somebody would ask about James Nelsons.”

As though the words had been overheard, the golden gleam gives forth its final dictum—

—*James Nelsons should be reserved for operators on the spot,*—and, as the white intensity dies away, the atmosphere grows less black, becomes translucent, and finally glows with its first subdued colour. The members silently disperse, and it is like coming into another world to descend the rickety staircase:

“Your oracle may not be infallible, but it exercises good judgment,” is all the say as we part in the quaint old Court that teems with busy Stock Exchange bustle in the daytime, but now is quiet as the greatest muser fain would have it be.

THE YANKEE SEE-SAW.

Pursuing the up-and-down tenor of its way, the American Market is gradually making towards higher ground, and it seems to have recovered at least in part from the acute weakness that was so palpable towards the end of last month. The slight rumours as to war to the knife having broken out between Morgan and Rockefeller may be dismissed as merely ridiculous, and it is quite easy to discover at least half-a-dozen sound reasons for supposing that the reactionary advance has only just begun. Everybody acknowledges that the flatness before alluded to sprang from financial and not commercial causes; as regards this last, the condition of the principal roads is good enough to augur well for at least another twelve months. What would have happened if the financial distress had been caused by falling receipts in the railroads' traffic it is difficult to imagine. We should probably have seen the bottom knocked out of the market completely by this time, but the soundness of the industry has attracted and is still attracting purchases from the canny investor who feels he has the pluck to put away his shares for a time whichever way the market cat may jump, and with this gentleman we are fully in accord. In our opinion, a revival is bound to come before long, and we would again emphasise, even at the risk of weariness to our readers, that it is the best stocks that should be bought. If a man must gamble, it would appear that Missouri shares offer a good medium for quick profits on the bull tack whenever the price drops under 20, while the attractions of Atchison Common as a speculative counter are certainly strong. Our object, however, is to guide the investor rather than the gambler, and for the former to emphasise the necessity of making a selection amongst the higher class of shares.

KAFFIRS AND THE LABOUR QUESTION.

Like the Yankee Market, the Kaffir Circus has had internal troubles of its own to contend with, in the shape of weak bulls and shaky punters; but, for the time being, the monetary difficulties would appear to have been surmounted. There are, however, still indications of unsteadiness to be seen which are giving the impression that all is not as it should be even yet, and we should not be surprised if the Kaffir Market were troubled with this financial thorn in the flesh for some months to come. Every sharp fall in the speculative shares, such as East Rand, Modders, Geduld, and the like, means fresh money having to be found by the bulls. The general impression that the big houses would come to the rescue of the market whenever assistance was necessary is fast dying out, and that it ever should have received much credence is not a high compliment to the astuteness of these magnates. Like other people, they want to buy shares as cheaply as they can, and the difficulties surrounding the Labour Question are in themselves sufficiently extensive to justify them in following the policy of negation. But surely the time is ripe for quiet purchases of sound Kaffir shares. On former occasions, we have suggested that small lots should be picked up, so that advantage might be taken of any slump that came along in order to average the holding at lower prices. It seems to us that Kaffirs will not be allowed to go much under the present prices. To take one or two examples, Apex look temptingly cheap, and so do Anglo-French, the latter being one of the few Companies to distribute dividends consistently during the War period. Nor do we think their sponsors will permit East Rand Mining Estates to decline substantially further, although the Company itself is anything but a favourite of ours, and we strongly advised the sale when the shares stood considerably higher than they do now. Another promising property is the Kleinfontein, while amongst outcrop shares Knights and Heriots may be wisely selected. Diverging for a moment into the Rhodesian section, Chartered offer possibilities of a sharp rise, since they are rarely permitted to fall for long under 50s. a-share. Agreeing that it may be some months—perhaps, even twelve—before a satisfactory solution is found to the Labour problems, we regard Kaffirs at the present time as standing at levels which offer substantial temptation to the speculative investor.

Saturday, Aug. 1, 1903.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch*, Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the “Answers to Correspondents” to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. T. G.—We do not know whether the Linotype debenture-holders are forming a combination to fight for their rights, but we will inquire, and, if we have any definite information, communicate with you.

CLAPTON.—The shares are a good speculative purchase, if you will hold them for better times.

R. L.—The price is low because of the depression in the various shares held by the Company. A purchase must be considered a speculation. The shares would improve if there was a general revival.

NOVICE.—We cannot even now make out what the price of your shares is. The proper brokerage for shares less than 10s. each should not exceed three pence, and most brokers would do the business for three-halfpence per share.

F. A.—Sell and buy some more promising share. See this week's Notes.

THE NEW BRISTOL STOCK EXCHANGE.

Through the munificence of Mr. George White, the President of the Bristol Stock Exchange, that body can now boast of a building in which to conduct its affairs second to none in the kingdom. Since its formation in 1845, its business, which has enormously developed, has been carried on in rented offices, and it was not until two years ago, when Mr. White succeeded to the Presidency, that a definite move was made in the direction of providing suitable and adequate accommodation of its own, the result being the present handsome structure, opened and made over to the members by the donor on Wednesday last. The building, which is in the Renaissance style, has a façade composed of four granite bases and columns, with richly carved Corinthian capitals, surmounted by a massively moulded cornice and



THE NEW BRISTOL STOCK EXCHANGE.

pediment, the tympanum of the pediment bearing the City Arms embossed in its centre. The remaining front is of Bath stone, adorned with pilasters having ornate caps and bases, while the gate and railing are fine examples of the modern smith's art.

The interior of the building is upon the same elaborate scale, and comprises, besides the usual offices, the Stock Exchange proper. The chief feature here is a magnificent chimney-piece of polished walnut pilasters, forming an arch and enclosing a carved design of great artistic merit, the subject being a figure with outstretched hands standing in a ship floating towards India, Asia, and Africa, and symbolising the all-embracing spirit of commerce.

The architect is Mr. Henry Williams, while the furnishing has been carried out by Messrs. Smith and Co.